

Australian CAVALCADE

OCT. 1946



Lee

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I CHEATED at Cards—Like This!



Nobody pulled a gun; he was honest, but a crookie ended his game.

IT is now more than 30 years since I turned honest . . .

Nowadays, I am a lone-shading crook, fairly well known in all States—but the name under which this story is written will not give you a clue to my identity, for it's a non-descriptive Pen name at random.

I'm not proud of the fact that for six months I lived by cheating crooks, yet, skewed across three decades, it is now little more than a non-humorous memory scuttled periodically by a passing word.

I became a card sharp because I needed money quickly and I had no other means of getting it. I gave it up for two reasons: I didn't like it, and it was dangerous.

When as a kid I made a hobby of card tricks, I regarded it as

The writer of this article has, for almost twenty years, operated a non-descriptive, but the identity is known to the editor.

merely a pleasant way of passing the time for myself and my friends. I was good, and I still am. But these days I perform only in private because if you're known to be clever with cards, your friends are a little hesitant about playing with you, no matter how lightly they treat your skill; and, on the other hand, when you win by honest means, they become self-conscious and get the idea that the other players are having nasty thoughts about you.

It's not easy to become an expert card manipulator. It means at least three hours a day practice. I started by learning to count the 52 cards into my hand, one at a time, at high speed; then I learned how to bring any of the cards I wished to the bottom of the pack; next, to insert those cards exactly where they would not be lost.

At the end of a year, I could cheat as efficiently than even if I worked at slow speed, before an

audience which had been warned of my intention, my method of trickery could not be detected. I could deal myself four or a hand at a royal routine without my opponents suspecting anything weird. I threw in my hand with a laugh I could mark cards during the course of a game.

Remember, I had learnt these things for my own amusement or at least with the idea of becoming a professional entertainer. But one day after I had performed before a crowd of friends, a man later sought me out and we talked, as a result, I agreed to enter into partnership with him with a view to financing the enterprise. I needed money—quickly.

As a preliminary, he made me give up smoking cigarettes. That was hard, but he explained that the constant burning of the fingers made them hard, less sensitive and he pointed out that if you make a mistake before a few hands, no one cared; but if they say one caught you sharping, the results could be disastrous. I suggested using a lodger, but he told me that a lodger was a cardsharping "giveaway."

A month later, we booked a passage in a steerage boat for New Zealand. We travelled second-class—which, my friend assured me, was where the money was. He was right, for the majority of our fellow-passengers were Chinese, a species of humanity which is, potentially, death-truth and which, moreover, spends much of its leisure time playing "blind" poker. One of that immigrant species' great disadvantages, nevertheless, is that it is almost

to the power of aggression. I when I was nervous. Up at raffles, my partner entered the room about 30 minutes before I did. He used usually near a group of five players and one needed to read. Realizing an opponent poised to pounce, he searched beneath inordinately for a match with which to light his pipe. He had none. A player offered him one and he was soon at the table.

I entered, and used instant waiting for the inevitable invitation to join the game. I knew it would come, because hard players prefer a school of seven. When it did I was given a seat opposite my partner—which helped, because, using one pipe, we could practically call the time at every hand.

My fingers were trembling slightly, for I knew that if I was to be detected at cheating, there were better places for it than in a ship at sea. And better men to be caught by than Chinese.

But all went well, and we arrived at Auckland \$300 better off than we started at Sydney.

This, I thought, was easy money. We cleared up another \$300 on the return journey. But I still needed money.

We worked the Transsiberian Railways a few weeks later. There was a crew of matchless on the train, and they made it easy by starting to play the moment the train left Adelaid.

Better still, they weren't good players, and cheating was unnecessary. We'd been playing for a couple of hours when a unannounced man came into the compartment. I had given a bit need of play-

PROFESSOR KESTRIN, an ardent anti-Nazi, was once gao round in the house of Arthur Schindler, the millionaire playboy, and they play a game together.

"On one occasion Schindler became enraged at Kestrin's difficulty in keeping the tempo during a noisy session. At last he could stand it no longer, reached his hand on the table, and said: 'You SO. Albert! Can't you count? It is one, two, three—four, five, **THERE!**'"

ing and I offered him my seat.

He accepted, and I earned myself by playing with a little boy on the floor, glancing periodically up to see how the game was going. Suddenly, I heard an old familiar "Click"—the noise which is made when the bottom card is driven quickly from the pack at dealing. I looked up.

The one-armed man was dealing. He was. He won every two games of four from his own deal. His wooden arm was a bulky affair, and whenever he shuffled he held the pack against the artificial hand. I realized that he was bottom dealing, because when he had finished shuffling the ace of spades was the bottom card and it ended up in his hand.

At Kaliyofka, every evening was losing, and my friend was just holding his own. Obviously, something had to be done.

At lunch time, I spoke to the shark, and suggested that as an alternative to my revealing that he

had cheated, he should consent to lose the money back. He did. I know that he'd have been very annoyed if he'd realized that it was a case of Greek meeting Greek.

These are the incidents I remember best when I recall that period in my life when I made cardsharking my career. The run was a pretty treacherous business, and throughout I was haunted by the feeling that I was playing a dirty game. Sometimes, though, I had great pleasure from taking my opponents down, for very few expert poker players are altruistic, and would have cheated just as I did—if they had possessed the ability.

I never cheated when my opponent was obviously of the middle-class class, and it wasn't always because cheating was unnecessary. I guess that not far below the surface, I was heartily ashamed of my craft and by taking down the hard player I felt strongly concurred by the fact that had been ripped the corner from me if he could have.

At the end of six months I retired. I have cheated at cards but never since. It was in a friend's home. Six of us were playing and one of them was sticking the cards; although the game was informal and friendly, the stakes were high enough to justify—it that is the word—cheating.

Having spared the sharp, I claimed the privilege of cutting the cards, and by removing only the top four, I made sure that the other's intended hand would come to me. I had only to do this twice and he agreed to play fairly.

Maybe I'm not the fellow to

preach, but I have a good deal of sympathy for the man who cheats his friends or his friends' friends. On the other hand, I can even admire the big time shark with a fair bit of admiration.

Such a man was the French gambler who used to be transported hundreds of thousands of miles of playing cards and distributed them through one of the smaller States of America. They were fine cards, and they were cheap, and, naturally, people bought them. As a result, the Frenchman created almost a casino party—and what was more important from his angle was that when he arrived in the States, he could be sure of playing with cards the backs of which he knew as well as the palms of his hands.

Even grand clubs of experts were selling his cards and he made a point of gaining the friendship of a member so as to be invited to the club.

He rarely lost.

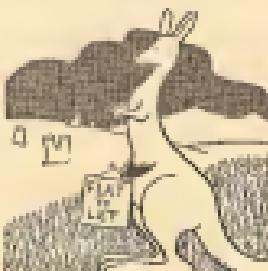
There are scores of ways in which cards can be cheated, even

during play; a drop of water on the corner of an ace, for instance, will be an invaluable help to the man who knows where to look for it because it leaves a dull spot. Almost every design of the back of a pack has four suits which can be marked to distinguish cards; and another 12 cards which may be marked to distinguish cards; and the best way of all is the good old "dear" design—a pack which has a kind of a clock from which strokes go out in the manner of the minute hand of a clock; the omission of the stroke to, say, seven o'clock says simply that the card is a seven, and so on.

Don't let my story stop you from playing poker, if you like the game. The chances of being cheated are a thousand to one—but that is still too many if you happen to be the one who helps the mathematical odds to be fixed.

So here is the moral of my story in a few words:

You will never lose in poker but a friend if you do not play with strangers!



Crime with animals



RODRICK THOMAS

A pig was hanged on the gallows; a girl hanged because of a pig.

ANIMALS have been the executioners who dealt death to human criminals; they have been the victims who have suffered court trial and death in the fashion usually reserved for humans.

A cow dealing death to a forger, or a human hanging a pig for murder, are concepts far out of our own range of experience yet it has been so.

It has happened as much in the horrific glories of England as anywhere in the more recent recesses of tragic lands. For it was in the county of York that the curious instrument of death, the "manger," had its introduction from modern history: it was the forerunner of the gallows, and the principle of it was probably known to those masters of death, the ancient Romans. In its crude form it was an oak block on the end of a pile driven, just as the gallows was originally a forced pitch.

The "manger" was in use in those days when the theft of an ox or cow was a capital offence; and the common sight was often witnessed in Yorkshires of a cow-thief being haled by a cow!

The animal was harnessed to a stang, and the victim was placed with his neck stretched beneath the ox. The cow was whipped up, and walked away; and so it turned on the strong which disengaged the one which enabled the life of the miserable wretch who had stolen another cow.

What principle of justice or supposed humanitarianship prompted this fiendish sort of dying at the behest of a con-consideration is now almost impossible to tell; but the record stands—and is only one of the many bizarre stories to be told when somebody writes a treatise about the links between animals and human justice. One other example of the animal acting as executioner is the familiar story of the lion which rore the early Christians apart.

There have been, of course, variants of both methods, such as the elephants which were allowed to trample Indian prisoners to death, the colossi which, in the case of Kali were allowed to bite to death prostrated victims for assassination. These are scarcely kindly thoughts; nevertheless there

are moving examples to show that from very early times, man in his prouder moments has forced the animal playing the role of executioner.

It is perhaps harder to see the logic of the qualified courts acting in trial and judgment upon an animal, and passing a sentence upon it, which was followed up by the execution of an animal in the sentence reserved for men. If the basis of the animal as executioner by an owner or its master, the case of the latter was beyond doubt ignorance or superstition. And turning from England, in the records of France there are finds that between the years 1120 and 1761 eighty trials of animals are known to have taken place.

"These trials," says Bourlet, "were of two kinds. When it was a question of punishing an animal for the murder of a human being—whether it was a bull or a horse or, in the case of children, sometimes a pig—the animal was seized, impaled, and brought up before the regular tribunal. The Public Prosecutor stated the case against it, witnesses were heard, and the judge pronounced sentence, which was executed at once."

Back in 1386, at a time when some poor English peasant was being haled by an ox, a cow was found guilty in a French village of having born a child to death. It was tried and found guilty, hanged in its human attire in the dress of human clothing and run off place. The executioner collected a special fee of 10 sous 18 deniers and was granted a new glove in a box.

Three years later the aldermen of another French village, Montbar, accused a horse of murder, and in year a similar fine. At Nanteuil-Temple alone the same time, a wild boar which had killed a man was hanged on the public gallows by order of Charles, Comte de Valois, and in 1494 a pig found guilty of having killed an infant in a craft was sentenced by the Mayor of Saint-Martin de Lure. This case is interesting because the actual sentence is preserved in the records. It was worded as follows:

"We, in distress and horror of the said crime, and with a view to exemplary punishment, have declared, judged, sentenced and pronounced and ordained that the said pig shall, by the Master executioner, be hanged and strangled on a hook of wood."

The "hook of wood" is the focus referred to earlier—the original gallows, which was set upright in the ground, the person pointing skyward. The rope ran from a beam supported by three posts. This type of gallows, known as the ancient Roman, hangs in original form, for perhaps a thousand years, before it was improved.

Just as with animal executioners, so with the real and judicial death of animals, the basic superstition was expressed in animal terms. Hence, there are records showing that legal action was brought against homicidal vermin—the equivalent to an Australian lawyer using a plague of mice-hoppers!

Such complaings formerly began: "Monsieur, the poor vermin sits now on their knees before

AM GODS THOUGHT ON WOMEN

It's a miracle,
says the oracle.
It, when a woman gets hysterical.
She doesn't also get hysterical.
And loves her husband quite often.
With her knowledge of his past.

causing any injury to the passengers of the said animals.

A famous case of action against men occurred at Aosta in 1510. Bartholomé Chasseron, later President of the Parliament of Provence, defended the party he demanded that they should be examined individually, and maintained that punishment must be given for their appearance in court. The great lawyer found so many legal subtleties and was so resolute in his pleadings that he won lasting legal fame through this defense of the men!

In these advance cases for the writer who will one day prepare a treatise on animals and crime, there are two other aspects to be mentioned briefly.

One of these is the animal as actual criminal, the other the animal as detective.

A citizen of Paris, having lost several silver forks, accused his landlady of the robbery. Convincing evidence condemned her and she was hanged. Six months afterwards during some excavations of the yard of the house, the forks were found hidden in a magpie's nest behind some loose shingles.

When it was discovered that an innocent man had been hanged for a crime committed by a bad, an angel Mass was founded at the Church of St. Jean-en-Goule, Paris, for the repose of the guilty soul.

A similar case, with the magpie again in the role of the actual criminal, was reported from Florence, Italy, where the robin which was a good accident. Thatsa by magpies are as common in many

countries that they are scarcely seen; and history would be longer if there were the only two cases of people who have suffered from the bird's cruelty.

Of the several to detect the bloodhound, from Uncle Tom's Cabin to the present day, is the outstanding example; and though a bad lesson to detect in Ian Dines' classical short story, *The Barker*, it is no credence, nor sympathy. Back in sixteenth century Russia, however, one finds some responsible for the discovery of a murderer at Tobolsk, where a laboring man was said to have savings. As the fellow ran away from the corpse of their victim they were followed, more or less playfully, by the dead man's two dogs—said, try as they might, they could not shake the dogs off. They

could not outrun the dogs, or shake them off, they could not catch them to kill them, though they tried. Nor could they silence the barking and howling of the dogs. In brief, they whitewashed the country-side with their bloodstains and the two dogs, until they were reduced to a state of quivering nerves. Finally they walked into Kizmochinsk and gave themselves up, while the two dogs stood by, as hunger howling, and watched justice take its course.

These are more or less random notes on a very wide and interesting subject; they have perhaps only the merit of being a preserving version, a mere suggestion of what will happen when a lively book is written about the relationship between animals and human crime.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS



Bitter, she kept her home as it had been on her bridal day . . .

The Bridal Banquet

by ELIZABETH IRVING

THE EYE was accustomed and bairn-like outside Campedown Lodge in the King Street of sub urban Newcastle about a century ago. Then, it was a garden suburb — not a crowded residential district. Impposing houses set in spacious grounds, were owned by well-to-do families.

Carriages, drawn by well-groomed horses, were waiting in the street. Coachmen and grooms stood by the wheels, or sat stiffly on their boxes.

Even the Norfolk Island pine trees bordering the house from the street seemed, on this day, cut to size. The gay charms of girls and their bright, gaudy attire, lent additional savor to the garden.

In the kitchen of Campedown Lodge, cooks worked steadily and scurriedly. Maids and men-servants scurried back and forth between kitchen and dining-room, pantry, cellar and garden bearing trays of food, ready for the wedding banquet.

Sydney's best shops had been

thoroughly cleaned of their most expensive imported foods for the day.

The rich furniture of the dining-room gleamed. Flowers and silver plates reflected their brightness on tables and sideboards. The older guests joined Judge Dorothea in his study, accepting a drink from the Judge's excellent cellar, and probably being housed with his recommendations of Eat Books—such as—

Small boys and girls passed through the gates of Campedown Lodge, or peeped their noses against the windows of their own homes, anxious for a view of the festivities.

Young mothers and older aunts, unable to restrain their curiosity, looked eagerly from the curtained front windows, eager to see the bold lace for the church, and take in the style of her frock, her veil and flowers.

Upstairs, in the bedrooms which she would soon leave, Eliza Emily, the Judge's only daughter, was the centre of a chattering

group of women. Oulously helping her to dress, they laund the bride-to-be into the heavy corsets of the fashionable wrap-worn era, tightening the belts until she faced like the narrow top of the beaded skirt. And, at last, she was ready. The ruffles and frills of the heavy skirt followed over undid her. Her hair, curled and powdered, was ready for the veil and wreath resting on the bed.

The carriage waited . . . The guests waited . . . The passengers waited . . . The servants waited . . .

The Judge, still with his guests, interrupted his reverie more and more frequently to look at his massive time-keeper. Throughout the house, the ticking of tension grew as the old grandfather clock in the hall ticked and ticked and ticked . . .

And still they waited . . .

Mrs. Dorothea sat in her bedroom, watching the passage of the midnight hours across the floor and dividends to a splinter of light — and disappear. Dark faded quickly into night — and still she sat, waiting for the husband—that was to be.

He did not come. He never came. Mrs. Dorothea never saw him again. Not a whisper of his whereabouts ever reached her ears. Nobody ever heard, nor saw, anything of him. He disappeared as surely as if the earth had engulfed him.

When, at last, the Judge was forced to make excuses to his guests, to usher them politely from his house — he was groggy. His daughter was still sitting there — still waiting . . .

He spoke to her gently, and called

all the servants to clear away the unneeded bridal banquets, writing in the darkness of the dining-room. But Emily Eliza could not sit patient. She would not have a coach-and-horses — not a thing was to be moved.

Her father doffed with her fancy — patiently. To be practical now, the sun of the day had temporarily unbalanced the girl. The table remained untouched . . .

For thirty years it remained untouched. Mouths gathered on the food, which rotted and decayed away into little heaps of dust on dusty plates. Silver and cutlery tarnished and blackened with dirt and neglect. Spiders built webs in the corners. Flies swarmed over the fine bone cloth on the table. The Judge died. But Mrs. Dorothea would not have a thing touched.

She vowed that the table, untouched save by the hand of time, would stay as it was until the no longer lived.

She forsook the world as surely as if she had taken the veil. Rumors and whispers passed across the tables of her friends. Kindly souls who came to call were not received. They could only say, charitably, that the shock had permanently impaired her reason.

It made a truly mournful sight to be called over the tongue of dinner, dances and parties.

Only the two elderly women servants knew to what extent these young relatives suffered. And they were silent.

Yet Mrs. Dorothea, by her own will that all from the world, was not so sound nor absorbed by her own grief that she was insensible to the sorrows of others. The people of Newcastle knew her as a

"THE Month English cheese girl had made quite a hit in Australia. She was sold here, there, and everywhere, and one evening found herself at a Harvey party.

With a kind smile she listened to a lot of talk about Alice, Harley, Somerset Maugham, Bernard Shaw, and other British writers. Then someone mentioned H. G. Wells, and her face brightened.

"We don't think much of Wells over in England," she said, firmly.

"Where do you mean by 'we'?" asked one of the American guests.

The cheese girl looked at him steadily. "Mother and I," she said.

kindly and generous giver. If they did not see her on an errand of mercy, as was the custom amongst wealthy women of the day, they could pass through the average gate at Congdon's Lodge and ask for help.

They could knock on the door, and see it open a fraction—and see the chain on the inside which prevented the door from being opened wide. This chain was never removed. Miss Densithorne stood behind the door, waiting to hear the deepest need for help. Few ever heard her voice, for she spoke only when it was absolutely necessary. But her purse, like the fine green, was open to all. She was a wealthy woman. The professed beggars and outcasts journeyed from Sydney to ask for help. She never refused them.

Sometimes on a dark, moonless night, the casual passerby caught a glimpse of the legendary Miss Densithorne walking under the pine tree, black gown and shawl. Her face was not bared

to the sight air. She was just another shadow moving through the garden with the shapes of the trees and bushes—strange, mysterious and ghostly as a phantom when women did not bother their pretty heads with reading.

No picture of her exists to show whether she was beautiful or otherwise. The old heart quivered her slightly.

The sad widow. Her hands were her only companion. When she died, she left a large and extensive library. The mind that had avoided human contact for so long sought release in the printed page.

She added nothing more of life than inclusion—to be left alone. Her reason for this action was never disclosed nor explained. Whether she feared the sympathy of her friends, or dreaded the fate of a liked woman who never known Miss Densithorne kept her secret until death.

The old stone house with its pine fringed garden has long since disappeared in the rush of traffic

since the death of Pip, his love of *Governess*. Pip, hidden in Miss Harborth's home to play, heard the once smiling behind the panels. Pip, told by Miss Harborth that she would be laid on that table when she died, saw the scars that had no original setting in Australia. But Miss Harborth, unlike Miss Densithorne, was made by Dickens to be scared, bitter and repulsive.

There is not any record of Charles Dickens having visited Australia. The Colony—at it was in his lifetime—appears frequently in his books. Mr. Micawber emigrated to the Colonies. Abel Magwitch, the benefactor of Pip, escaped to England from Botany Bay—various names and noms and causes of his character visited Australia, some to stay.

But it is thought by some that Miss Harborth was modelled as Eliza Doolittle Densithorne—the disappointed benefactress of that fashionable Newtown, who performed audience to the sympathies of her friends.



Your writing betrays you

MARY MILAND

Graphological science has made life difficult for Fingers

THICK is a story about two Dublin handwriting experts who get together and delivered verdicts on each other's handwriting.

When the pale, thin, wavy man read what the other had said about him, he pulled back his fist and vowed that his name's Jim.

"God's truth," cried the maniacal, "and what did you go and do that for?"

"And didn't you say here on the paper," glared the scowling, "that this handwriting is of a man that has no spirit that he is mild and shadowy, and gentle unto severity. Well, I'm shoving you, man, that ain't wrong."

The giant snarled, took out a razor blade from his pocket, sliced the gray fellow's neck to all and began cutting it into slabs and pieces.

"And what is the name of the whoos are you doing that for?" screamed the weird.

"Well," explained the big man, "it's you that read me as being irresponsible and having no control of yourself—and, man, I'm just proving you're right!"

This yarn probably comes out of a fiction factory, but it has the ring of showing what graphology is, at least as one of its subjects—character-reading by handwriting.

The branch of the art is pursued haphazardly by ladies with blue-stocking learning, to the trials of the eyes and the pinpricks of thop, by fortune-tellers, who live in the peace and quietude of the brain-traversed; by overwaked young duffers, who like no bad the importance of being William, and by certain persons who are not content with the extent of their true knowledge of the subject but take it on into the holiness of charlatany. This last type can be called a half-and-half. The others are merely graphomaniacs. For all of them, the true science of graphology and graphomancy has a deep as well as the Pacific, and is deep as hell, and true graphology's abominable writhes are offensive and contemptuous mortal at all their worthless rumpages.

Policemen handwriting experts don't learn their job at the first it takes to master a dozen oceans, either. For six months, and sometimes

longer, they sweat and groan over their notebooks until they know the principal hand looks like a criminal knows his felonies. They go then to practice, and a dozen years before a graphologist can apply his tools reflectly, however, he is a complete washout, and has to give the great swap. But those who do pass these gradations are an invaluable assistance to the police department and the criminal court regard them as conscientious log-boys. He is a man skilled in perception, observation, analysis and deduction. His experience is not measured by an almanac; it is measured by the frequency, extent and subtlety of his guesses.

You might be inclined to scoff at this medium, and hang it, as many do, in with the hallowdust of astrology, but a little thought, aided and abetted by the opinions of renowned experts, should convince you that graphology is a science deserved.

In the first place every judiciary in the world will tell you that it accepts the fact that no two handwritings are identical. They are as distinct as fingerprints. They also accept the fact that trained specialists can perceive the difference in similar writings. If this were not so, what is the use of any man's signature? He might as well sign his will with an X. A man's signature is his trademark. One of the best men to certify that certain a pine barker; his chief means of identifying you is contained in the way you write your name.

C. D. Lee, a Superintendent of Records in the police department at Berkeley, California, explained

with a man named Abby to write a book. Classenian and Iberian features of handwriting, and he says this is the prefix: "Do you see well ever suppose fingerprints for the purpose of direct identification—that is for the identification of the man under arrest. But for indirect identification, that is for the fixing of guilt on the unknown offender, in the comparison of whose crime handwriting constitutes the corpus delicti . . . an efficient system for the classification and identification of handwriting will surpass in usefulness the fingerprint system."

You might think you are something of a graphologist, whether you are a business man, or a doctor, or dairy owner for the wife bearing the address on your letter, that is the writing on the envelope, you say? "Ah, a letter from Joe. One from Ma, and a couple from the next-door-neighbors. Opening your mail, you probably print your address correct. All you have gone on for identification is the pictorial aspect, the look of the writing, the visual and mental comparison of the letter forms.

The graphologist does not rely on this cursory synthesis. He cannot, because he knows that the look of writing is probably the most superficial quality of a style; he knows that it is the most easily imitated. He goes much deeper, noting pressure, tempo, width, pen-hold, mechanical conditions, size, digressions, expansions, spacing, manner of construction, and type of writing materials. He has a psychological as well as a physiognomical approach.

It is one of the hardest and most

dangerous jobs in the world, that of being a crook with a pen. Graphological science has come so far that the most extraordinarily skilled forger in existence has Buckley's chance, and only a fool with no knowledge of the diagnostic ground he is trudging, or a daredevil bent confirmed by his supreme panache and shrillness, ever have a shot at it.

A criminal's writing is as much a part of him as is his soul. It is instinctively based up with his personality, and for the graphologist a man's personality is the sum and substance of his life. Apart, their writing, like that of everyone else, is conditioned by their environment, and responds with the same delicate sensitivity of a compass needle to any alteration in their character. Armed with this preposition, the graphologist has his means to interpret it; and in this lie lies the help of mechanical and physical science.

You should think twice before you become a forger. You are liable to see at all perhaps of your give-away — preservation, consistency, anticipation and retarding. A criminal is liable to these constituting above because of a sense of time he reaches up, is inclined to draw rather than write his signature, writes deliberately and clearly and yet shows an inconsistency in the size, slant, pressure and letter formation of his writing, giving an impression of uncertainty. The psychological constituents are mental degeneration and guilty conscience. One of the most marked signs graphologists have found in the writings of criminals, and never among those of honest

persons, is the small oval or circle left open at the bottom, which is and means of a dot over the letter. A closer example of this has been provided, as well as most of the symptoms of criminality, in scripts written by Vivian Gordon, the notorious queen of the underworld, who was shot down by her pals before she could split them. Scientific graphology has proved that this habit of leaving the oval of letters—o, a, g—open at the bottom, is a mere indication of savagery, amorality and ferocity.

Regarding at this, savagery, and age, this instrospective technique makes us put the slate under the lensman, if not in their own lifetime, than as judged by posterity. Take the nineteenth century philosopher, Sir Francis Bacon, for instance. Long before he was convicted on charges of falsifying his handwriting revealed his careerism train.

If a faker comes along with a historic unknown file of Shakespeare's plays which he claims to have discovered, the graphologist might examine the ink and prove it of a kind in use for the first time, three centuries after the bard's death. But well say the faker is no man. Somehow he has got hold of some parchment, yellow, worn, dog-eared and soiled—a paper used many years ago. The ink as it was also in the time when Shakespeare was ploughing his genius. The graphologist calls in his stereoscopic microscope and in two ticks he has shown that the writing is over the dirt layer and not under it, thus proving, to everyone's satisfaction, that

the manuscript is an imitation.

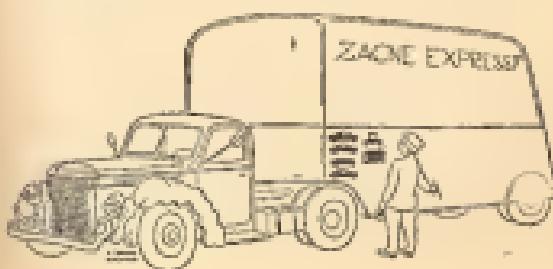
When a man gives you a check or a draft for four quid, don't make it forty, unless you're prepared to cash off for twelve months, for the graphologist will, with a powerful beam of photographic light falling in a place, enlarge the added sought, and clearly demonstrate the difference between the two figures. And don't think you have a better chance of success if you name the amount and specify your own. The expert doesn't worry whether you write with knife, rubber, or chemical solvent. All he has to do is take a photograph with a quartz lens, and then he will be able to see just what the document looked like before you interfered with it.

Blackfingers and anonymous letter writers always feel pretty sure of themselves. But they are walking on the borderline of disaster all the time. It's no good their thinking, either, that black letters are a hundred per cent. foolproof. The graphologist works on principles of physiology. In

other words he compares black letter forms with their unscripted equivalents, and notes the what not detail. An offender might think he can get away with it by disguising his writing any other way.

Authority Robert Knobell can tell him otherwise:

"It takes two experts effort differently to diagnose and his handwriting. If a forger or an anonymous letter-writer tries to disguise his hand in a defiance trap, he must not only injure and alien himself, but at the same time also suppress his own writing habits. Skilled people may identifiably perform the first task, but their efforts would hopefully break down in the second . . . What really matters is the mass of minute, unconscious writing movements, these inconspicuous features which are typical of the writer's personality, which are beyond his control, and which he could not disguise even if he were aware of them, which, in fact, he hardly ever is."



THE BOSS



The workers shared in profits—in hard times, they paid him wages.

ONE of the greatest novelties of time is history comes into this story—for the basis of the tale was the fact; he was leader and his employees slipped in from their weekly envelopes to pay him a salary!

It is fairly obvious that when a thing like that happens the boss must have something. And what he had was nothing less than an idea, the idea that as the workers between them can be business at a decent profit, that they should, at the end of the year, collect a share of the profits.

It is an idea which, in theory, has been batted all over the deck being built. There is no lack of people prepared to discuss the pros and cons of such an idea.

The man who put it to a practical test was Harold Megratt, of Sydney, whose story we succinctly summarized.

"I thought that if I gave my workers a fair go they would operate to their benefit and my own as well," he said.

"And by a fair go, I mean that

half the profits each year were the undivisible right of the workers. That made every worker vitally interested in the firm's welfare, because the more the firm made the greater their share of the profits."

Knowing that half of the profits, he men (and girls) work not as slaves alone, but as free men and women with a definite stake in the results of their labor, Megratt, if no other motives, dictates that the goods are produced in the most efficient and most economical manner. And profits go up, as will be seen.

Early of interest giving common men to workers, management and shareholders, friends, Megratt explains, instilled confidence, co-operation and respect. They work as a team, they think as a team; they are a team.

In twelve months of profit sharing, the mill decided to expand, a timberland company became a progressive business, the workers got half of the next profits, the shareholders got six per cent on

their money, managers and staff are going for cut to beat that record in the current year.

What is the background to this practical, sparsely of profit-sharing? Stamps to say, he was not born with a "silver spoon in his mouth"—it was a gold one. His father was a wealthy Englishman; Margot Megratt was reared in the atmosphere of a rich man's home with all the principles and policies—social, economic and cultural—at the rich Englishmen of the later decades of the nineteenth century.

Even after a severe, dissolved revenue, the family did not go without butter on their bread, for Megratt never came to Australia to establish himself as a sugar baron, but to establish himself as a sugar baron for Lever Brothers at a salary of \$1,200 a year, and that was "pretty good sugar" in the 1890's.

Another reverse, however, landed Harold on the road with no trade, no business training, and no cash. In those days, milking cows at six bob a week was no easy job, but that is the job he took on. He had others just as easy, but the real eye-opener which proved true for just the grit to realize his vision in later life was a sight of the food and conditions of miners on the Hunter river in the late nineties.

First chance to try out his theories came in 1913. They worked well for a couple of years. He doubled the men's wages, paid down a house, increased turnover, and turned a loss into a profit.

It seemed as though the application of his somewhat revolutionary business ideas was going to bring

him not only personal satisfaction, but would induce other organizations to realize that added incentive for the workers would result in added production and greater profits for the employer.

Then big troubles started, his principles clashed with his directors' decisions, and he turned up in £2,500 a year job rather than carry on. That may prove to a lot of people that he was haywire; if he were that, he could do, because he has been fighting for, and applying, these principles, irrespective of personal loss, ever since.

Starting the general company of Harold Megratt Limited in 1923, in the following year he dropped the wages of his men from the annual rate of about \$2,100 a week to \$6 a week plus a share in profits. In twelve months, from a losing proposition, the production leaped by thirty-three per cent, and was making money.

Trade wars and depressions hit him hard, but he managed to weather all storms until outside credit and worldliness completely. In 1938 he was broke to the quick and his company on the rocks. It was not until 1943 that a French Bank came to his rescue and he got the chance for another go.

On reorganization, losses amounting to about \$20,000 were written off; the preference shareholders wrote down nominal dividends from 9 per cent, to 4½ per cent, and agreed that half the net profits should belong, as an absolute right, to the workers. The voting on these wages and financially revolutionary matters was 59 to 6

A PROPHETESS ON SOCIETY

Come! Pay the man who is accepting half his pay
 Accepts also a debt of much overduing,
 Comes with him now, this poor Prophetic,
 The victim of Acquisitiveness both costly and costly
 For that chisel, composed of many lumps,
 Can hate print workers, such as myself
 Give here your sympathy nor so much of one shoulder
 As he doth give the muckhe which ready so much muckhe
 Come, join with me now and his sad cause espouse—
 Doesn't that picture poor Acquisitiveness accuse?
 One thing I ask, o little poor artisan
 For me, who could such acquisitiveness choke,
 And as for his stomach—oh, please don't shudder it
 It's the same—spit the money to master all.

—W.G.D.

It is a poor species who is unable to get overtime, but contrary to the general experience of the early days of a new creed, Maggitt's predictions have been rewarded with an increased return in the first year of their adherence to these radical, economic tenets by a 6 per cent dividend.

Perhaps the best feature of the whole scheme is the spirit of "give and take" which it has engendered among the employees. It is not just a hand-out to the men; once confidence is established they are all prepared to take the brunt with the bosses.

During the depression, the workers voluntarily reduced their own wages and required reductions for the reduced working time to meet the conditions of trade. When a mate is sick, all the others work extra time to make up his wages and the firm

pays out benefit. When Maggitt's luck was in the wall eight years ago, they paid him a salary for two years.

They are all in the show together, sink or swim, and many of the present hands are men who started the original mill in 1922. That, alone, reveals volumes for the man and the boss.

Political parties are disposed to fight with the idea without seriously considering or exposing the scheme, but most economists and business executives condemn the proposed and, to put a rounded basis to the objection, cite the small number of persons involved as the only reason why any success has been achieved.

The Lincoln Corporation in America provides a counter to this argument: it has been operating successfully for years on the same lines and a sufficiently big

and progressive no doubt a branch in Australia.

The corporation had to fight the propagating anti-war legislation because its employees, in wages and profits, were receiving above five thousand dollars a year each.

Publicity has not been kind to the man's methods of work, as apart from an unbiased magazine, a few trade journals are the only ones to give it any prominence, but from this restricted field of readers, hundreds of letters are now reaching the company, practically all of them praising the effort.

One whistled, marine-trained theorist are not the only ones who are writing; ones of these would be critical, because they would have their own pet theories which they think are better. A big proportion of the letters are from hard-headed business executives whose job it is to make industry pay; these men see triple benefit, if the old methods are abandoned to; they are anxious to know just how Maggitt has done the

job, they are not philanthropists or idealists, but they can read a balance sheet.

Harold Maggitt believes that what he has successfully done at the Glazebrook mill can be done throughout industry, with beneficial results to Australia. He goes further and visualizes the salvation of the British Empire from the fate of other dead empires by adoption of his plan to control Empire problems.

The plan of this man violates long-established and ascertained rights of capital as concerned by the more conservative representatives of that power; they jibe the nerves of the more radical schools of industrial revolution where such is passed to the power of the strike; they bewilder the moderate of all classes who cannot believe that such revolutionary principles will ever be permitted to succeed, but they give a hope to men who gaze to think that there may, perhaps, be some solution to prevent dry, and lasting, problems in the "boywits" scheme which seems to work.



Her first performance, she is "Allied" eight times. The box is

PATRICIA HILAND
(In an interview)



THE GIRL IN THE BOX

HE is Chinese, and his partner is a slender, willowy, young girl of good figure. She is dressed in a little skirt that trails far about her thighs, and a short blouse that leaves a bare midriff.

For an hour she is a dancer and easy-to-please addition to the programme; so, moving capably about the stage, she helps the Chinese magician with his tricks. She seems to know so much about the art of mystifying as the Master himself.

At the end of the show she takes off the skirt and blouse, and becomes even easier to look at, but not for long. Clad only in tights and stockings reminiscent of the French can-can, she is the star of the show. She removes her blouse and lets herself back into the gaudily patterned box on the stage.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, without any trickery, without using mirrors or trapdoors or pulling strings, this girl is going to be locked in the box while nine swords are passed right through it from front to back, from side to side, and from top to bottom.

The box is just high enough to

accommodate the girl when she lies down and drawn her knees up under her chin, hands clasped above her knees. It is only perhaps an inch wider than she is; just deep enough for her to draw her toes inside when her back is pressed against the back of the box.

She sits in, and it fits tighter than a coffin. The Chinese mage can slide the dark front of the box. The top is open, and he puts a lid on.

He explains to you as he does this, that his ancestors practised this torture in ancient China; and that the next step is to pass a series of nine swords through this dancing girl, down every angle. She is in the box, he guarantees; and the swords are not those crude affairs that telescope into the hilt—they go right through the box and come out the other side.

What of the girl?

At this point a boy in the audience usually says loudly and clearly (not at the instigation of the performer, either) that the girl has escaped through a hole in the floor

and the box is, in truth, empty.

I have told you so far what you see as a member of the audience, and what you will hear (and men and women, too!) say. But the boy is all wrong about that, as I know full well, for I am the girl in the box, and I am in the box every minute of the show. The swords come in at me, and go out of the back of the box. In the darkness I feel their cold steel, though I cannot actually see them.

I can only tell you that after the door is shut I lie there, wedged tightly in, and hear the muffled voice from outside telling the audience what is going to happen.

For the next four minutes my world is darkness, muffled voices and rattling swords.

Ping! A blade passes the front of the box at shoulder-height, and passes by me, so close above the shoulder that it reaches the flesh coldly, and so leaves later another blade hidden across the other shoulder.

Ping! Another one slices through the darkness, past the calf of my leg past my thigh, again so near that I have once been scratched along the thigh. Another one passes the other thigh—no scratch this time!

To everybody except myself it must seem impossible for these swords to go through without slicing my flesh. But these four, driven in from the front of the box, are only a start.

I hear the Chinese's feet shuffling to the side of the box—the next blade comes past my shoulder, across my breast, and penetrates from the other side; the

next one scratches under my knee; and comes sharply across my leg, and could easily pierce the skin of my thigh, or my stomach—but does not.

I scream not because I am mortally wounded, but to point in a dramatic way to the audience that I am still in the box.

This heart-breaking wail may stop the show in a second which all can hear: "She's out the back—the screen isn't a masterpiece!" In the darkness I groan, and get ready for the final lunge.

Outside I hear the magician in swooping over the box, a long, heavy sword in his hands. He is, he says, going to plunge it down through the lid of the box. It should logically penetrate the top of my head and drive down through my body parallel to the spine. I scream again, as the sword almost grazes my nose, cuts clean down past my chest, and between my breasts.

Eight swords: past shoulder and thigh, across knee, hip and waist, and down past hip, chest and stomach. Eight. That is all.

I hear the Chinese telling the audience that is all. I hear the audience muttering an aspect of the fact that I have been out of the box all the time. The magician hears them, too—and tells them that for a modest dispensation they may come and see.

He lifts the lid off the box and they come and look in. They see me lying in a network of gleaming blades, like a centaur in a big-mesh net. It is obvious that I could never have climbed in again after the swords were put there—I never have been there all

AT the beginning of their

married life in English people make the following arrangement: Whenever he had a bad day at the office, he would put his hat on the left side of his bed at evening time. If she had a bad day at home, she would put her blouse on his back pocket.

Such understandings represent the ordinary stages toward or adopt their attempts to the separation. They are not happily married about 45 years.

the time the awards were used. But how is it she isn't tickled to death? they ask again and again. The question puzzles. If they can't work it out from what they see, it's too bad; let's there to show them, not give them lessons.

I'm afraid all of them are not directly interested in the techniques of the acquisition. They are more interested in the girl whom they last year in her two-piece costume on the stage.

I have often been asked how I like being the girl in the box—does it scare me? Is it terribly risky? Why do I do it? I can say quite truthfully there is only one thing about it that I do not like: it has nothing to do with being a target for Chinese swords—it has to do with the occasional toothless old man who comes up and peers into the box at me without saying the words, and, as one man did quite openly, extreme disappointment that I am wearing

a covering of any sort at all! I'd much rather have rewards pointed at me for six pounds a week and expenses paid than be referred to as one of the men who come up and pass remarks down into the box to me.

Of course, that's only some of them—the ones who say (between teeth rather bitterly) that that's where they'd like to have themselves for a while. They can be quite embarrassing, for no girl has a really happy answer for one countryman who said: "My wife couldn't go that—she's too fat to fit in the box." Well, she was too fat—she was standing alongside him when he said it—and I didn't appreciate the remark any more than she did.

A little better, perhaps, is the man who says quite openly, "I like your courage—what those dresses?" Even though it isn't my art the audience being exercised in my knock-off base.

But there are surprises. Most men have a mechanical mind, and after the usual lead-in—"My word, that must take some nerve!"—they move onward to the boy-in-fish-eye angle, as if I would be likely to spill the show by telling them.

And, anyway, they probably wouldn't believe me if they heard, as I have told, any guitars, tambourines, strings to pull, or general tomfoolery.

Positively not. The answer is simply—conscious control. I have been in Trivial ballet; I have danced all my life. I have modelled for artists and photographers, and good physical condition is my stock-in-trade. I get

the job of being the girl in the box because I was well proportioned for it—another inch round the hips, a little more flesh on the tummy, wider shoulder, and I'd be out of the box for keeps. Since then if I lost any muscular fitness. For the four moments that severely come at me, loads that last at the most I am writhing like a python. I depend entirely on drawing in my body—on wriggling, and generally dodging the swords like that. How did I come to get the scratch on my thigh under those circumstances? I'm afraid I thought it was a little easier than it really is, and I just wasn't concentrating enough. No, I didn't forget my cue—I don't get any, except from the patter of the showman as he is at work.

And so, there is no fixed, pre-arranged order for the swords to come through. They might come from anywhere. And that's not as hollow as it sounds. If the routine were the same at every session, as I know in advance,

it might be safer—at first. But it would give me a sense of false confidence, and I might forget to concentrate again.

As for the job, I love it. It appeals to my sense of muscle; there is a delicious feeling in the thought that you are helping to make people, put them on the edge of their seats in a rather specious but way. And if you're extremely minded, well, there is the gambling thrill, for I am, to a certain extent gambling on my muscular ageing.

You, I really love the job; if you have to think about me, every day, because I am doing what I like, I am getting a kick out of it; I don't want to stop, and I'm being well paid.

It isn't every girl who is well paid for doing what she likes doing. Most of the women who come and set my performance are not. I hate them. They quote specially pay me, as much as money; "Dear girl! Fancy having to do that for a living!"

Poor women!





AT WANTABADGERY

A battle was fought on a site now given over to amateur athletes.

And so Baynes was spared.

This drama is part, and only part, of the curious background of the estate which may become a soldier's sepulchre now. At least, it was announced for such. And it might be an appropriate end to a site which was one of Australia's rare battlefields. For following the "bumping" at Mr. Baynes, a battle was fought—a real one.

It all started this way—

On the night of Friday, November 14, about 8 o'clock, a man had presented himself at the station kitchen, asking for work. Baynes told the cookman in no uncertain terms that there was no work available for him.

Thereon the stranger bethat, and there was an exchange of verbal artillery. The work-stoker departed, but left behind him the distinctly advised opinion that Mr. Baynes was a bully.

The following stronger having

HIS arms bound tightly with strong fishing cord, the nose of a rug round his neck, Baynes stood by the buggy under a flowering gum. His feet were chalk-white and a fine beaded perspiration creased from his forehead. But he made no outcry; nor did he struggle.

Said "Mossie" to one of his men: "I will slip the rope over the limb; you can drive away and leave this gentleman hanging there."

And as Mr. Baynes, manager of Wantabadgery station in the year 1879, would have been a persistent contributor to the flowering gum. Several women servants screamed. Mrs. Reid commenced to laugh hysterically, horribly.

"Mossie" dropped his gun in the cool, callous manner, "Re-lieve him," he commanded, reposing his revolver to its holster; "I can't go on with it whilst women are about!"

gone, however, adjuged again to Wantabadgery for the time being. It was valued a fine domain; one of those estates where pleasure-gardens had given place to comfort and the ancestors in the tree tradition of the squattocracy.

Wantabadgery station (it still exists, in the county of Clarence) is situated about 26 miles east of Wagga Wagga and 27 miles from Goulburn. Formerly owned by W. G. Wedgwood, at the time of "Mossie's" writer, it was the property of C. E. J. Macdonald, who resided on the station.

Approaching the house from the east, the first building one met with was the old station-house, where Mr. Reid, the owner, lived with his wife and family. About a quarter of a mile further on, on the Goulburn road, was the Australian Arms, a hotel kept by a Mr. Patterson. Two roads diverged from the hotel, one the Mungo, the other—the Ebor-gully.

You can imagine the surprise—the suspicion with which the citizens of Mr. Macdonald's household beheld on the Saturday the approach of six strangers through the back gate. All except one, the leader, were young men.

It hardly needed the pointing of revolvers towards the servants to convince them that this was a "striking." Mr. and Mrs. McMile were there, stoker and cook respectively, and the green Landau.

The leader of the invaders, a bearded man of commanding presence and color, made his demands

first, the delivery to the invaders of all horses in the kennels, and, two, partition of the whereabouts of everybody concerned with the station and the expected terms of their return.

McMiles and Landau soon found themselves doing work they were not paid to do, namely: breaking down the door of the station with a sledgesledge and so on.

The invaders ate and drank their fill but it was observed to those inside that, under the example of their leader, they partook only sparingly of the refreshments. They deferred obviously to the "Captain," who addressed them as No. 1, No. 2, etc.

The bushrangers' surprise party, having set "Mossie" loose in order, settled down to await the arrival of visitors.

Early arrivals were Mr. Web, of Kyongilli, and a schoolmaster friend. The latter was used to giving orders, not taking them; consequently, when he was roughly told to dismount, he went all "high-hat" about it. Thereupon a shot whizzed past his ear. "Mossie," who had not produced his arms, raised over and disengaged the schoolmaster from his horse....

"Don't be an old fool," he said. "You will get killed if you go on like that."

Two keen looked in. They, too, joined the prisoners who were in the large dining room. Two bushrangers guarded this prison.

At dusk the station manager arrived, and he was breathless at the absence of Landau, who usually took his horse from him. His

YOU CAN'T HEAR THE HARP WHEN THE TRUMPETS PLAYING

Angeus McDonald, though a brave sturdy lad, was by that restriction completely unqualified. And so under a pseudonym he was recruited, reported to Macdonald's organization, and they by great expressiveness assumed a regimen of underground. His colleague, Tom Macdoe, though knowing plenty, believed in the chosen *Fatherland*. And when his opinions were finally undeveloped, they were copied in a book, every chapter now, who of those day, when deciphering the board learned the pole that is vertebral command? Who was the rock for additional foundations? Many MacDonalds or thoughtful Tom Macdoe? Obviously Angeus got off with the laymen. Which brings me now to the moral of methods: If in contradiction you're sure o' thine, Don't give for the best; just reach for the worse.

—W.G.B.

strangled entirely into the barge, to be witnessed by the arrival of two ruffians and two revolvers which covered him. The man who gave the orders Baynes recognized as the pseudo work-worker of the night before. He gave Baynes a grim reception, implying that that worthy would get everything that was coming to him.

Now the Macdonalds were coming—the owner of the steamer, and his younger brother just out from Scotland. They were greeted with a welcomer of bushcanger hospitality. "Not come now, keep the guest's up. Get off and stay on with your mates," was "Macdonald's" injunction. The older man, knowing it was no joke, got down with anxiety. The younger saw only a lad (Wenlock) looking up at him, and hurried. But again

came the voice of "Macdonald": "For him'll be nervous"; and that soon, more than the threatening rumpus of the boy bushcanger, brought young "Mac" back to reality.

The next day, although it was Sunday, was not a day of rest for the bushcanger.

Mr. Baynes had a habit of opening his mouth to put his foot in it. While he was eating his breakfast he ventured the opinion confidentially to one of his captors, "This is bad work; very bad work!" implying, no doubt, that the young desperado should report of his behavior before it was too late.

"Macdonald" was enraged at hearing this, and accused Baynes of, tampering with his men. It was this insinuation which was the cause of the subsequent threatened

hanging of Baynes and his very near miss of death by strangulation. But the bushcanger was more his usual courteous self later on when he regarded the young Macdonald with a nod of his father's turkeys and arranged him with a brilliant conversation which made the young man express the opinion that "Macdonald" was a most extraordinary man.

More guests kept arriving. His stockmen dropped in. They were invited to stay—permitted, in fact, by leveled guns. But the chief captor had a passion for hospitality. He went all to gather more "guests." He gathered an old, the overseer, and his wife and child. Then he proceeded to Farnham's hotel. Patterson was absent, so he brought away with him in the lorry the bushcanger's two children, so that the father would naturally have to follow. He also seized in, per se, instead of his revolver, gun man who had dropped into the boat for liquor, and drove the lot before him to the bushcandler. In modern phraseology, he was cutting all sorts of corners.

By this time Wharfedale's hamlet contained a population of 44, of which Capoia "Macdonald" was uncrowned king.

He exercised his sense of the dramatic and the theatrical by holding a trial by jury in the dining room. A stockman, one of the prisoners, was found in possession of a weapon of some sort. "Macdonald" considered that this was a direct indication of bloodshed, which, he said, he had studiously determined to avoid. Accordingly he presided over the

trial, with two stockmen and two bushcangers as jury. They acquitted the accused, and honor was satisfied.

But Wenlock was working. He was represented by one Alexander McDonald (the Mac were very prolific in the district), who had somehow clutched the vigilance of the frontier and had made his way to Wengie Wagga.

The barking of a dog at 4 a.m. on the Monday gave warning to the bushcangers of the steady approach of four policemen from Wagga, who had followed their tracks in the kitchen fence. There was an immediate eruption of armed men from the huddled thresholds and windows—but not in flight.

They advanced, firing on the run. The quick basis of "Macdonald's" camp had been ruined by the situation at a glance. The bushcanger faced set, and for fear of being encircled, the troopers shot a hasty retreat under a hail of bullets.

Then "Macdonald's" strategy became more apparent. The police had been driven away from their homes. Three of the bushcangers mounted there, and in a rapid blaze overwhelmed the forces of law and order and compelled them to take refuge in a nearby swamp, through which they slaked their way to safety, congregating again later at Newdigate's Tannery station. Here they were supplied with resources and waited the arrival of reinforcements. Five additional police were sent on the way from Goulburn.

Now six police who had solemnly adopted the motto, "Vict-

DAZZLED by the sun-dappled haze of a faded, faded Remmington, Good Lady of the stars, could only marvel at the singular surroundings.

"What do you think of my place?" the young Remmington asked gaily.

"It's grand," answered Miss Remmington. "Grand is the place enough to have the courage and strength to live with anything like this."

"way or Death," as Tschandlers set off to retrieve the boards gained by "Mosselie" and his crew in the first skirmish.

The number of captives in the bandit camp was over 52. And it was fortunate for those people that the gang did not stop to fight the final battle in the vicinity of the fortification. Instead, they had decided to make their last stand elsewhere, and were at the base of a ridge above McGloch, a few miles away on the Kangaroo road, when the police expect them. That long weekend was drawing to a close.

Sergeant Carroll, of Gundagai, directed his order of battle in the police: "Germans, you stand by me, and the rest of you, by now, in extended order, about 20 or 30 yards apart, advance so that the right wing will close in a half-circle on the house first; while the left will then gradually extend in the other directions."

Buchanan's well-charged rifle and his position behind the fence caused German to call on them to surrender, but—

"No! Come on and fight, you scoundrels come on and fight; no surrender!"

And then the real fight started.

Both sides faced away in the most giddy young Remmington fired at and his belted a bullet, keeping up a constant fire. But he was first to fall.

Then the wretched "Mosselie," who had been firing from a doorway, with weapon reloaded by a colleague behind him, made one towards the usually wounded boy and tried to hit him. An other bushranger followed him and was struck down by a bullet. "Mosselie" stood there, between the two wounded men and, with gaudy revolver hanging loosely in his hand, called out, as did the spectators on the nearby slopes, "Is there a doctor there? Can any of you attend this man? He is dying."

But the battle was in full swing. Another of the gang were down. "Mosselie," as it dissolved by the lack of response to his plea for a doctor, snatched his revolver and started distance down the verandah. Then, exhausted, his head bandaged, his ammunition gone, he dropped the gun, charged up under a verandah post, and surrendered. Unfortunately, with one of his last shots, he had finally wounded Captain Brown.

And then occurred one of those neckless, acrobatic and dramatic, which have made "Mosselie" a name to conjure with in the world of bushranging. Shaking

over to the recumbent form of Nester, who had a death waded in his forehead, he kissed the dying man.

"Will he really die?" he asked plaintively. "Oh! He is my only dear friend, but for him a great many more lives would have been lost!"

What did "Mosselie" mean by this last remark? Was it Nester's comrade that took the bullet away from the hardened, where many lives might have been sacrificed in a general mêlée; or did the bushranger dismiss his col-

leagues from sharing in killing. The battle of Warrabungle was ended; 300 spectators who had gathered on the nearby slopes gaudily pointed down to watch the participants and stoned at the dead and dying.

Warrabungle, place of peace, had become a burial ground for many.

This story commenced with a threatened hanging; it ends with an actual one; "Mosselie" (his real name was G. A. Scott) was hanged at Goulburn Gaol, Sydney, on January 20, 1900.



Personally Speaking

DR. CHARLES H. SHEDDON, distinguished author of "In His Steps," formerly a noted pencil, died in Toledo, Kansas, two days before his 80th birthday. The book has been translated into 16 languages, and 20 million copies have been sold, but, due to a faulty copyright, the author never received any profits.

LIN YUTANG, Chinese author and best seller, turned his talents in another direction and invented a primitive Chinese typewriter with a board of 64 keys.

THE DIONNE QUINTS made their fourth public appearance in treasury notes when they dined the Queen at a dinner in Ontario, Canada.

GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH, retired leader of the Salvation Army, has recently emerged from her retirement to undertake another crusade.

SIR THOMAS HETTLEFIELD, president of the Royal Society, Melbourne, proposes to make an annual award to the producer of the best film wholly produced in Australia.

MRS E. DAVY, S.A., the first woman to enter the field of malacology at the Melbourne Weather Bureau, has retired after 34½ years service.

MRS AURORA ARAGON DE QUEZON, widow of the President of the Philippines at the time of the Japanese invasion, refused to accept a pension of 1,000 pesos a month granted her by the Philippines. She claimed other women needed pensions, also, and that her husband would not have approved.

LAURETTA MELCHIOR, Wagnerian soprano, and currently a film actress, recently celebrated her 20th anniversary dream at the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

JERRY COLODNER, who with Bob Hope, visited Australia in 1944, has written an account of his travels in the Pacific battle area.

STIRLING HAYDEN, movie actor and former husband of Madeline Carroll, was granted the Order of Merit in the People's Republic of China. The title of Marshal Tito, Hayden deserved a small box containing arms to the Patriotic.

FLORINDO AUSTRAL, the distinguished Australian singer, is returning home for a holiday to recover from the pangs of his throat.

★ The work that leads to home—Every place





Passing Sentences

A seducer is a man who can disagree without being disagreeable.

A woman-killer leaves her secret book until the quarrel with her friend.

Jumping at conclusions is not half so good exercise as dipping for tarts.

If a husband doesn't need watching, it is a waste of time to watch him. If he does need watching, it is a waste of time to watch him.

Cheeked whiskers began a few thousand years ago when the girls started using perfume to get their men.

Thrift is a wonderful virtue—is an ancestor.

Ostentatious is the art of making deep sniffs from the chest instead like important messages from the brain.

Public opinion is what people think other people are thinking.

When a woman begins to bide her age she really begins to please a man.

More people have slipped on applesauce than ever fell on banana peels.

Intuition is woman's ability to read between man's lyings.

A serious impediment to marriage these days is the difficulty of supporting the government and a family on one income.

A man who claims he's been in big business will be above other things, too.

Perfumery firms make money by picking their business in odd people's noses.

There was the wife who wondered where her husband went at night to sit down early one night—and there he was!

It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

(left) Modeling the planet Earth is lovely Marie Moser; (University)

WHAT MAKES THE *Perfect* MODEL?



LAURENCE DE GOUY

LET me start right off by refuting a popular misconception that a photographer views all women objectively. The fact that he spends so much time with beauty does not lessen his appreciation of it; on the contrary, that appreciation is necessary to a photographer's success as the camera which he uses to capture the charm of the sitter.

I will not deny that he is critical of a girl's appearance—all men are, and the photographer is more critical than most. He has to be. It's his business to be. He is trained to recognize beauty—and we always hear his conception of it agrees with ours.

It is perhaps a bit disconcerting for a girl to find a man in whom she has just been confounding peering at her, as though she were a new species of woodchuck. But if that man's preference in photographing, she can console herself with the thought that he is placing a general value on his photographic possibilities.



A well-known photographer tells the secret of good modelling.

I know that this is so in my own case. Yet, strangely, as she were to ask me what characteristics I was seeking, I'm afraid that I would have to groan.

For, finally, I haven't yet solved the problem of what makes a model successful, nor can I define in detail the features which have caused me to suspect that she may "click" before the camera. I don't think anyone else has, either, for it's as hard to define photographic charm as it is to give the meaning of the word *love*.

There are certain visual characteristics which will prove as a general guide in choosing a girl's potential as a model: high cheek bones always invariably help, as do well-rounded contours, a well-shaped nose; good eyes of a mouth that's not overripe. Yet all these things are because, from the camera's view, simplified, and faults which are liable to the human eye can, on the other hand, be overcome by judicious lighting and expert make-up.

Which leads us back to our starting point. However, perhaps the factor which I mean when I'm subsequently seeking can best be described as "charm-born"—that elusive characteristic which adds the most enchanting atmosphere of the most refined distinction devoided by the hand of man, the camera.

Recently, a girl came to my studio to sit for a portrait which she said, she intended to send to her fiance in Japan. I approached the job with some of that forty years of apprehension which comes when I know that the finished shot will go into the lot of what I call my "exhibition pictures." She was by no means a beautiful girl; her face was a shade too thin, her mouth line too short.

I made a few suggestions about makeup and helped her carry them out. We took the shot—the kind of shot which I have taken hundreds of times before: a simple studio portrait which would end up over a copy writer's overcoat near Tokyo.

The result finally reached me. The girl had photographic possibilities which I had never imagined, and I was quick to support that she took about modeling as a profession. She will do a lot of modeling for me in the future—and, unfortunately from my point of view—for other photographers, too. And that talent helps me not at all in telling what I look for in a photographic model.

Is it individuality? Certainly, that is one of the essentials, for the girl with standard camera

make-up is about as interesting as the tenth carbon copy of a stock report. I have always regarded with curiosity the girl who attempts to ape the appearance of her favorite film star—and, personally, I'd rather take my Vermeer Lobs by medium of a Hollywood cameraman.

So shall we start the individuality, and remember, if you're seeking to become a model, that the Lake style of hairdo made Lake but has yet to fit another girl out of the crowded lotus. Lake got there first, that's all, and so became an individualist.

Simplest! It's a big help, for despite well-tried and long, low whiskers, man is at heart a sucker of beauty—but it's my experience that when a man is climbing through the pages of a magazine, nothing stops him so bullet-proof as a pair of dewy eyes.

Still, there's a market for individuality and the girl who can conceive to look like a pre-war Paris mannequin will find lots of fashion houses anxious to use her services. So let's chalk up another score: 60-45 in favor of simplicity.

Point? That's important, for the girl who makes modeling her life's work will be called upon to advertise in newspaper advertisements as there are days in a wet month. So that, in a full-length shot, one of number is a worthwhile arrow in the model's quiver. Plus, however, one can be eliminated, and usually comes after a few repeat performances.

Intelligence? Duh-duh! The doesn't mean that a university degree is necessary to success in the

FRANK SINATRA really named the brights as his character recently when he put his signature to the well known American physiologist, Dr. Horace Cattell. Dr. Cattell has revealed that Sinatra has eyes and imagination, need scruples, and apprehensionlessness. Cattell says that the singer will light things up in a flash, and can never honest for what he thinks is right and honest. He has plenty of aggressiveness, but can be quite modest and shy. His only true analysis by saying that Sinatra must be misunderstood by many people. "Being aware who only see the Sinatra glamour never realize that usually he is serious and often unhappy when he is alone with his thoughts." — From **PHOTOGRAPHY**, the monthly film magazine.

modelling field. Rather, it means that the girl must be ready to learn camera tricks; to take the trouble to know how to use make-up for photographic work; to receive the photographer's advice in the best style most suitable to her face and the occasion; be intelligent enough to help the photographer to get the best shot in the shortest possible time. In short, she must be alert enough to make the best use of her photographic assets.

Good figure? Yes, and no. Yes, if she intends to cover the fashion field, where her body carries the day, of course, necessary to display gams to the best advantage. But if she is content to concentrate on food studies and has the right kind of face, then she may do nicely despite her not so slender figure.

So that, summing up, I'm influenced by a girl's individuality, her general appeal, her intelligence, and, to a lesser extent, her figure.

But all this does not explain why a girl "clicks" as a model. While I admit that those things

are important to the professional assistant, I'm still willing to compromise with that curious preliminary issue which, if I must be faced into using such an unprofessional term, I must call, simply, a "bendy" that the protective model will make the grade.

Models, like love, are where you find them. A simple studio portrait used by an advertiser, may result in an engagement; and from that one job may come others, until the office clerk learns that she has to make a decision: whether to stick to her other job or do full-time modelling. That is a decision which she does most easily.

Because it is in my own interests that good models should be available, I offer a few words of advice to those who suspect that they might possess the qualifications to become a model.

* Don't try to cowed too much glamour into your make-up. If you're interviewing a photographer with the idea of entering the model field, tell him to see what you look like, and overmuch make-up may hide the very features for which he is looking.

* Don't go to the sunburn as though you've come straight from acting as bronzed at a steady walking. The photographer is at least that sure we speak about another—a studio star (modelist)—and he is more likely to be influenced by a smart and simple street dress than a sun-burnt, the model is known and reviled.

* Don't think that you're supposed to act like a "good time gal." And if you want to stay long in the modelling profession, don't be one. A model is like an athlete who must always be in training—and a few cocktails the night before an assignment may help your *peau de rose* but not your complexion.

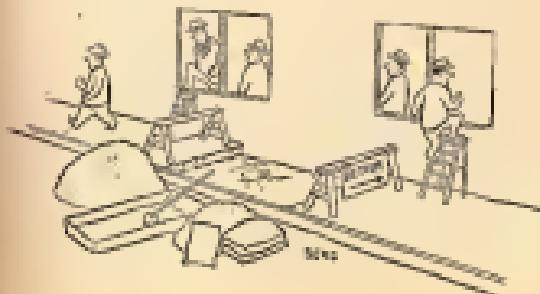
* And along the same lines, taking a good sharp walk before breakfast won't do your modelling audience the slightest harm. In fact, it may bring a glow to your skin which nothing from the make-up can kill.

* Hanging in the same attire, get enough sleep to ensure that

you won't develop fatigue half way through shooting. Thugs go wrong even in the best studios, and it may take a full morning to get the shot required. And nothing like a photograph to start them to discover that just as he's got the lighting right, the model is pawned and reviled.

Never be late for an assignment. The photographer is in a hurry to whom poor appointment is but one of many for the day. You may be the best looking in the books, but nothing will bring a spider web to your modelling career than a reputation for unreliability; on the other hand, there may be many better models in your city than you, but if the photographer, advertiser, or studio house considers that you can always be depended on, you will get more than your share of work . . . for a longer period, at that.

Still want to be a model? Then go ahead—you have my best wishes.





Hammond— ANOTHER MELBA?

A famed golfer, the name destined to be Australia's Queen of Song

in Melba, and the factors that had to be considered.

Prophecy, disastrous anywhere, is particularly so here; yet, looking over Hammond's career and performances, assessing what she has achieved, and what the world outside set of her voice, she seems to have the best chance of any so far, of stepping over Dame Nellie's place of glory.

Jean Hammond is one of the great divas, sopranos of our day. She has the voice and the physical strength to conquer the big opera houses, and the exhausting roles of "Tosca" and "La Traviata."

She now returns to her home land for the first time since critics of Sydney dipped her into poohsie in 1936 for the want to give her tuition and her "chance" abroad.

Since then Australians have come to know Jean Hammond by a dozen photographs roughly printed here, but principally her right's frequent playing at her "One Flag Day," from the opera *Madame Butterfly*, the aria "Love and Music" from *Tosca*, and the ballad, "The Green Hills of Somerset."

YOU can never tell what will happen to tomorrows.

Two bare-breast schoolgirls were spending a week-end at home when they missed their dogs. After a search the dogs were found—tucked up in the cupboard of an crusty pastry keeper.

The girls climbed the fence and set the dogs free. But there was a watchdog—in place off the most usual watchdog—that that yard and, before the girls could make their return, they were completely swept off their feet by the goat.

One of those girls is now a smart blonde of Sydney's posh Prawn's. The other may be Australia's second Melba.

In the naked brevity of Who's Who she is neatly niched. Jean Hood Hammond, singer and champion golfer. And it may be as much of a shock to the world's musical circles that their singer is a renowned golfer, as it was to Australia's sporting and journalistic circles 10 years ago to find that their golfer was a champion singer.

In this magazine some months ago Roland Poate discussed the question of whether Australia would see another singer as great

than Hammond is the first singer to become an international celebrity entirely by radio and the photograph. The war robbed her of international and personal appearance.

The chunky diva was unlucky. She made her operatic debut in Vienna in 1939, the year the war started, and a subsequent contract for Vienna had to be postponed. She went to Italy, but got back to London before Italy joined the war.

She has not been to America, and her only other opportunity to sing is the Concerts run at the former Belvoir tennis camp and a few amateur escape after Germany's defeat.

She was born in in Britain during the years she was taking an musical studies, when she would have gone to Paris or to another of the great opera houses, from triumph to triumph. Even so, she did achieve some international recognition through records and the R.B.C., making her voice known to critics and potential audiences in Europe, countries, America, and a corps of Europe.

The day Jean Hammond won the N.S.W. women's golf championship on Sydney's Rose Bay course it was pouring rain down when she left the clubhouse to the time she got back. Naturally, as a competitor she was not reporting the golf herself that day, but a golf colleague from the Sydney Sun was there to follow her around the course.

Jean had a large smiling umbrella, the sort of multi-branched thing that shades bathers from the sun—would not bear of shade

ing under it while waiting for her opponents' shots. She repeatedly refused it and insisted on the umbrella and her fellow reporter using it.

"You've got to write this," she told him, "and you have to keep dry. This is poor work—I'm only playing."

This was the unashamedly sporting, generous sort of chutzpah that endeared her to her colleagues during five years of journalism. She was about 20, very popular and an unashamedly good mixer, a short girl, thicker as any woman golfer is apt to be, with pony tail and pony tail hair. Nobody thought to call her plumpness, because the word had not yet become a journalistic cliché.

She was a women's sports writer. She did not write only about golf, but covered tennis, tennis, tennis and the rest. She would not have been happy reporting an one sport, just as she was never happy to pursue only one sport, or one interest.

She was one of those exceptional girls. She was a very good tennis player and swimmer, was runner up in the 1934 State squash final, ended her over 25 in yacht until a storm tore it down its mooring and scrubbed it, and at the same time took tennis and singing lessons and studied three languages.

She won her first junior golfing championship while still at school, in 1929, and retained her title in 1930. She was runner-up in the State championship in 1931 and won the title the following year, and again in 1934 and 1935. In 1933 she was runner-up in the Australian open championship.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Happy the man who, with his
affection collated,
Facts that they've been deeply
studied,
And have studied the goal.
In vain
Can no cause prevail from
him to her.

and Sydney's due, and with Lady
Gurney (wife of the then State
Governor) as a genuine in-
vited patron.

In January, 1936, they put her
on a ship. She travelled alone,
without her parents, a girl not yet
24. But she was not nervous, nor
lonely—her friends have never
known her to lack absolute confi-
dence.

She studied first in Vienna for
12 months. She then saw her
mother in London, and presently
went to Italy to have Diana Bor-
gleh as her singing master.

By 1939 she was ready for her
operatic debut, in Vienna. She
sang *Musette* and *Pagliacci*, but
shortly released a three-year con-
tract, with war on the way.

Her Mezzo-singing has given us some delicious recordings from
The Magic Flute, *The Marriage of Figaro* (the "Dove sono" aria
and its recitative), and *Dido and Aeneas*. ("Great aria, thou hast be-
trayed me").

In England she has been busy
with the Civilian Opera Com-
pany, the R.B.C., recording, and
singing for the troops.

Father who met her over there
during the war have been con-
cerned lest the damage her voice
singing under impossible camp condi-
tions and in all weathers—such as walks at Scapa Flow, when
she was taken out to Fleet ships
in small boats, bundled in clothes
against storms and spray drift. But
Jean, who had put her name down
for the W.A.A.F. and the
W.R.N.S., and driven an ambulance,
had joined up with E.N.S.A. (the entertainers' corps), and
that was a tough service. It took

her all over France and Germany,
and in a patient audience of
2,000 displaced persons in dis-
tincted refugee camps.

As George Wallister, present-
ing Sydney's role commences
on page, points out, Jean Ham-
mond has a mezzo-soprano voice
peculiarly suited to Puccini. Her
"Una Fina Dua" (*Madame Butterfly*),
"Lovely Moon in the Moon
light" (with David Lloyd, from
Saboor), and "Love and Music"
(*Tosca*) are her most brilliant
and impressive recordings.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



YOU RECALL THAT, WITH THE THIEF'S STRIKING HAVING
BEGUN, LEFT BEHIND THEM IN THE OFFICE TWO AGENT HYDELT'S, THE
UNLUCKY YOU HAVE JUST LEFT THE SYSTEM BEING TEST BEING
TO THE COUPLE THAT HADNT GONE YET, AT WHICH MOMENT
THE IRON REINFORCED COMING DOWN IN BUCKETS

- 1936 -

DON'T Laugh AT YOUR WIFE

There are few habits more dangerous in marriage than ridicule . . .

PAUL PORCHÉ

RUTH is overweight—no doubt about that. Fred always gets a laugh out of his wife's figure.

"When are you going to put on that neuen outfit?" he taunts a neighbor. "Let me know when you're ready to roll it, and I'll lend you Ruth. Just put her in a suit and you'll have the best roller in town."

Everybody laughs—except Ruth. "Come on, funny face," the visitors say. "You're getting soap all over your clothes. I'll have to bring an additional bib for you next time we come to the Johnsons' for dinner." She turns to Mr. Johnson. "I'm going to pick out for my next husband a man who has better table manners."

And so they continue to rib each other indefinitely with pretended jokes, the only real purpose of which is to hurt—and to hurt badly. They are baited, and the bait is poisoned.

A large number of husbands and wives pick at each other in this way. Few habits are more dangerous to marriage. Such a pattern of humor is one of the commonest ways in which husband and wife express their hostility toward each



other—wife-gnawing妻子。

Why do they feel such hostility? Because they have never grown up. They are still children, unable to live in a co-operative partnership because they lack confidence in themselves, cannot always be satisfying themselves, trying to get their own way like spoiled children, and deriving satisfaction from needless squabbling because they thereby make themselves for the moment the centre of the stage.

To deal with the problem, one must naturally go beyond the chaff and come to the underlying reason for them—the real cause of the hostility that is being expressed in this poor and hurtful way.

"The cause is plain enough," Fred exasperated. "It's Ruth's figure—if you call twice a figure. You just trying to get her to notice."

"I don't see it," I answered. "Her figure is just the excuse for the bitterness. If she were slender, then you'd pick on her because she can't dance as well as you do. If she lisped, you'd jump on her for that. If she had a birthmark, you'd always be remarking her of that, and ribbing her on it.

"But let's assume that you are properly concerned with the fact that she has become one of the stockish stout. If you had a boy who was too fat, would you feel that the only effective treatment was continually to scold and humiliate him in public?"

Fred looked a bit uncomfortable but replied, "She could eat less, if she wanted to."

"No doubt," I agreed. "Why then, does she eat too much, with this unattractive result?" Assuming that it is not wholly a mere medical problem, I suspect that her gluttony has a psychological explanation. It's partly an attempt to find gratification and enjoyment in life that will take the place of those she should be finding in marriage but is not now finding there. Thus the real cause of her overeating is the same as the real cause of your misplaced attitude of wife-criticism; that cause is some—during the matter with you?"

But Fred was ready with an answer. "All the books tell of the danger of repressive feelings of hostility, of refusing to recognize and accept them," he asserted. "Surely you'll admit that every psychiatric point out the need to face these tendencies frankly—not to deny them to yourself?"

That attitude requires a little further analysis. There are three points to consider:

First, it is true that children are allowed, within limits, to express their hostility, but this is part of the general process of growing up.

But Fred has gone beyond the age at which he can afford to try to solve his problems in this manner; or to refuse to attempt to

solve them and merely fall back on ridicule as a substitute.

Second, it is desirable for Fred to recognize and admit to himself these childish traits, but he should not say them. Many a person not merely unconscious but, one might say, boasts of childish behavior as an attempted justification for remaining at a childish level when he ought to be an adult.

"You just a baby when it comes to having kids," Mrs. G. observes.

"Don't expect me to know—I'm too dumb," Miss J. says.

"If anybody does that to me, I'll kill 'em for good and plenty," Miss G. declares. "I have an absolutely unpredictable temper."

All of these persons find it easier to behave like babies than like grownups. They don't want to change.

Third, after you recognize these hurtful tendencies of which we are speaking, the first thing to do is to act on that knowledge. Stop taunting your wife by being impishly affectionate, at her expense, and begin to encourage her a little by word and example.

"But, Doctor, that will just encourage her to stay fat," Fred exclaimed. "If I insisted, she'd have no reason to change."

"Is your sarcasm leading her to change?"

"Not yet—that's just what I'm thinking about."

"Then it's time to try a new trick, learned of bedeviling her all the time, stop all jokes at her expense or at the expense of marriage, and begin to act like an adult."

"Ruth may feel just as much

husband toward you, as you do toward her. It may be that her over-nighting is, in part, a sort of sentimental way of punishing you for exposure and unfaithfulness, but quarrels are like that. Suppose you quit joking and begin to take marriage seriously."

Then we waited, as a preface, along these lines:

1. Recognize frankly your present feelings of hostility. There would certainly be no advantage in trying to cover these up, in denying them to yourself, in pretending to lie.

2. But if you recognize and accept them in this way, you are thereby largely freed from any necessity to express them in marriage. You can simply laugh at them to yourself, while acting to remove them.

3. Work on the new psychology all the time. Begin to get up,

gradually, your feelings of separateness. Don't try to identify yourself with your wife, of course; but try consistently to identify yourself with your marriage.

4. For the present, don't worry about your wife's failure to do the same thing. Give up demanding or even pressuring. Set her a good example. Give positive, not negative suggestions. If you keep before her the idea that she is a good wife, she will be much more likely to try to be a good wife. After all, her over-nighting (or any other badness), for the principle is a general one: over-nighting is Ruth's case, but any one of a hundred other things (or any other wife or husband) is much more distressing and humiliating to her than it is to her husband. If she has not got rid of it, there must be some reason.

The reason in this case, is I'

have already said, is probably double: on the one hand, it's a sort of punishing her husband, of "getting even" with him; on the other hand, it is an attempt to find some satisfaction in life, even if harmful ones. If the diagnosis that she no longer has to fight her husband, her first reason will be removed. If she begins to get some greater satisfaction out of marriage, the second reason will be removed.

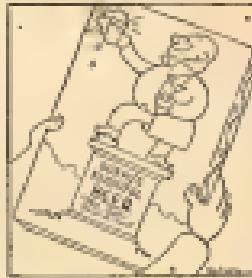
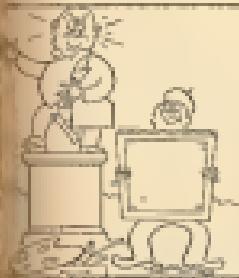
5. As you begin to identify yourself more with marriage, and do a little more teamwork, you'll be able to turn around whatever feelings of hostility you still retain. Find an object for them outside the marriage. Go after something that is wrong in your community or in the world at large, and try to improve it.

6. Finally, and all the time, be improving the foundations of your marriage. Ensure all of them to

you which even need strengthening. Is it the sexual adjustment? The problem of handling the family finances in a fair and democratic way? The need of more normal social and recreational life for husband and wife? Interference of in-laws? Disagreement about the disciplining of the children? It may be any or all of these or a dozen other things.

Now since you are in a group of intimate friends, now how many of the husbands and wives are showing their hostility by attacking each other (it's too common a fault); and of those that is real by attacking a field-trail. All too easily it becomes a habit. It need be turned like any other bad habit.

Make up your mind that under no condition will you permit form the habit of retorts, and permit yourself no sarcasm. Do not jeopardize love for a laugh.





* *How To*

(1) It is essential that you never volunteer willingly to be any judge about the houses that may go wrong.



(2) To replace a blown-out fuse you will find the easiest way is to call the electricity people, they employ men for the use of things.

FIX
Things

(3) Gas and water pipes are a curse for the man who pretends himself on the strength he thinks he can do.



(4) Chandeliers should be removed in such a way that they will collapse when Major Lane is all set for the day afternoon tea.

150. When a mosquito need mosquito repellent solution is to spray it in a house or village and let . . .



150 . . . the table must also carry on the good work.



CARBON-12, once as rare as radium, can now be produced in quantities. This may shed new light on the mysterious of human metabolism, it may possibly providing clues to the cause and cure of cancer, diabetes, and hardening of the arteries.

DIP, short for dipropyl ether-phosphorus, was not successful as a war gas. But, tried on patients suffering from glaucoma, it was discovered that the gas helped to prevent further loss of visual fields, reported two doctors of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

DOCTORS have always feared heart disease as a prime complication of rheumatic fever. Current research shows it may also affect the brain. Though the *Beth Israel Medical Journal* is cautious in its comments, American research showed that five per cent. of patients in one general hospital had suffered from rheumatic heart disease.

CHewing gum, fortified with Vitamin E, reports the Journal of Dental Research, is effective in preventing tooth cavities.

DR. HERMAN N. BUNDEN-SKIN, of Chicago, suggests that unbridled emotion may be among the causes of arthritis. Changes in temper, constant worry, or nervous tension bring about changes in the nervous system, which, in turn, controls all muscular but vital activities of the body, he says.

THE successful treatment of one Siamese's disease, brought on by more or less complete destruction of the pituitary gland, has been accomplished for the second time at the University of California Medical School. The gland is an important body regulator, and its destruction results in the degeneration of the whole endocrine system of the body. The victim lost weight, sexual function, and was affected with mental and physical debility. Small soluble tablets containing the hormone, testosterone, were placed under the 21-year-old male patient's tongue at intervals over a period of nine months. He was completely restored to health.



MICHAEL O'SHAKE

In the Great Beer Boomtime, their friends reached an all-time high.

ASSUME that you have an ugly client and that you know where to get the right medicine. "On the black," of course, but still the right stuff. You are not alone in that; your friends do it too, and they are more than holly drinking nipples water the chemical contents of which would take the juice out of your eye.

The wine you took home to regale your friends at dinner would probably be more effective in the general tank of your car! There is nothing like a liquor shortage to make palatable the potables which in New Guinea were frankly jungle juice and in the cities differ only in the dignity of the label on the bottle. This was so in American prohibition days, and has been in Australia since the war—in Australia, the jungle juice tradition goes back a long way.

The dry prep trade is as old in Australian history, and the distribution of illicit liquor is as old as Australian agriculture. Spirits (rum) were a common form of barter for labor, goods, and land, and the abums of the "rum traffic"

in the early years of colonization are a feature of every Australian history book.

Kissing Point, on the Parramatta River, and the headwaters of the Lane Cove River were the main centres of the rumshambles trade in the early days, and its quality was apparently little better than the present-day article, if an inscription on a tombstone (written at Parramatta) is to be believed. It read:

"He who drinks Squain's beer,
Lies here."

Squain, however, was the first Governmentally-recognized brewer in the Colony, and the "Government Orders" of 21st March, 1808, stated that his product was "no single degree inferior to the best imported article." This suggests that the tombstone inscription was the work of an ardent temperance advocate or else of an embittered remembered of the rival moonshiners.

But neither the shanks of the early colonists, nor the orders of the law-breaking drunks of the gold boom era succeeded in pro-

ducing illicit liquor to the same degree as did the shortage of the war years just passed.

The small distiller, struggling to make ends meet on his bush-induced selection and advertising his own brand from a crude still which also provided a small sample for local sale, found suddenly that his product was in demand, and the shortage of the locally-produced article brought immediately a host of crooks and marksmen eager to cash in on the business, both as manufacturers and distributors.

These conditions produced two types of manufacturer, the gentleman and the amateur. The amateur of war vintage was the man—a ruggedged bear enthusiast who presumably needs a good recipe by adding a little "something extra" to give it "some kick," and then distributes his bear friends by informing that they make the world's concoction produced.

One of this type is in every office, every suburban street, every club, and in New South Wales alone about one hundred of these home-brew experts face the court and pay a fine every year.

The gentleman, amateur, not a war growth, is based largely in foreign community settlements, particularly the arbitration areas, where the famous national liquors are prepared for home consumption and for a very limited circle of friends. The practice is very prevalent in such places and the goat on a lean day may be regaled with some potent beverages which are the very nectar of the gods.

Home-made cider is popular in

orchard districts and honey and feeds plenty of advocates where the bush hives are bare. The latter beverage, although repeatedly non-existent, can be charged very easily with a kick like that of an oxen's tail in ruts.

The wartime profiteer is concerned with big profits and quick returns. His one object in distillation is quantity, as does not matter what sort of rot-gut he produces provided there is plenty of it to keep up the supply for the army of men fighting to pay over their hard-earned cash for the privilege of passing the swill down their gullets.

These gegetters are the prototype of the worst kind of bootleggers of the American "dry," or poison. "Take in the dough while the going's good," is their motto, and in self with the cost of malice, of hideousness, of physical and general manners left behind.

Fortunately for Australia, no nation made from a wood-shattered base in men, as the physical results of unleashing the concoction are not catastrophic as they might be. This is not due to any public-spirited recruit composed by our local brand of bootleggers, or a simply that he is a cheaper major constituent available, normally the newest, nastiest plastic procurable.

Nevertheless, Australian troops during the dry era of the New Guinea campaign suffered more casualties from "jungle juice" and similar concoction and weird poisons incorporating a liquor not even sold in the Malayan campaign.

Distilling plant is crude, primitive

are not normally dry, bypass is unknown; classification of the product is impossible, even if the process extracted under legitimate distillation, a hundred oil, measuring of the resultant spirit is regarded as a mere waste of time and energy, and the product for sale is the crude, rawer liquor recognizable, though admittedly it is sometimes flavored with a dash of genuine spirit.

Favorites are for all other stills in rough, inaccessible country, where approach and detection are difficult. Crosses land adjoining a bush selection is popular. Bush officers might be on riding for days, then, in Zululand, having visited the still, they had that the man who has been distilling potsherds in the adjoining field of the rice is blissfully ignorant, and frequently personally indignant, that such arbitrary accusations had been leveled at him by his neighborhood. Yet, no one else may have been seen within miles of the place.

Whereas in former days one gallon was the average haul at a raised still, thirty and more gallons of spirit have been taken in one still in two years. In the Robertson (N.S.W.) district, after four days and nights of riding in the bush, keeping the still under observation, the officers took four stills, some spirits and hundreds of tons of distilling material, much of which was a national product, for which the Government paid over good copper.

Cley plants, some of elaborate nature, with various anti-detection devices, have increased recently; one of these yielded thirty gallons and two stills to the

revenue officers on a recent raid.

During the past twelve months, convictions have been secured against three large-scale operators, two of which brought the maximum penalty of £500, and more than of £100; all, of course, with confiscation of the plant and the spirit.

Prohibition breeds corruption and corruption led to neglect of fiscal resulting in the apprehension of one transport operator. Officers knew that the liquor was being distilled north of the Hukukwana, but a ten-day check of the road-based transport failed to reveal the source until one was noticed that a funeral bier seemed to be bearing an extraordinary amount of banners along the road. The operators did not hesitate to change the wreaths on the coffin. The spirit of the deceased was duly released in a police station—first taste of grade, raw, fiery spirit.

It may be thought that man shall well fail before the bright rays of sound peace-time regulation of spirit. War-time rationing will necessarily disappear in conjunction with good quality liquor produced legitimately, but there is still a profitable field for enterprise in the production of equally good quality illicit liquor, usually because the profits outweigh the casualties fine—the penalties are not heavy enough.

Oh, for the good old days when that same duty was twopence per gallon and a man could get a pint of beer, with a good square meal thrown in, for threepence—and have the both were legal and pure. And a man could raise a thirst; it was healthy then.



"We have a popularity in the bush!"

★ MEET

YOUR LOCAL MEMBER



An intimate glimpse into the life of an average politician

FREDERICK T. SMITH

BETWEEN the politically astute John Jones, who is your neighbour, and the John Jones, M.P., of Parliament House, Canberra, is a wide gulf bridged by a bell-tower.

This is election year and most every John Joneses, driven by ambition, political fervor or just plain public-spiritedness, will cross the daily bridge that leads to Canberra.

Maybe your John Jones will survive the assault of doctors and the expert of his fellow clerks, too, slightly bewildered, will finally get to Canberra. Then he will begin to wonder whether being a member of Parliament was worth all the trouble.

Pretty soon the gleamer will start to wear off. John Jones will find himself much worse off financially than he imagined he'd be, and he will find, also, that he has to face up to a long and painful period of readjustment.

Often he catches himself won-

dering whether he wouldn't be much better off leaving his home or back at his desk job, instead of living most of his life away from home, and having the small degree of domestic privacy be given to anyone interrupted by a series of imperious constituents who regard him as an employee without any personal rights at all.

Here is a typical Canberra day from the desk pad of a rank-and-file Parliamentarian last session:

9 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.—read

11:30 a.m.—introduce deportees of constituents to the Minister of Home Affairs machinery

12:30 p.m. to 1:15 p.m.—lunch

1:15 p.m.—attend meeting of a Parliamentary Committee

2:30 p.m.—prepare for meeting of the House of Representatives, complete question to be answered to the Prime Minister, check notes of speech to be made in the House.
3 p.m.—House meets.

From 3 p.m. until 11 or 12:30 p.m. during the sitting of the

House the Member may not stray far—the Party Whip sees to that. He can spend an hour or two in the balloted room, catch up with his reading in the Library or stretch a few quid away at the Parliamentary bar. If the Bill before the House interests the particular category of constituents he represents, or if the measure is one of general importance, he is obliged, if he is a conscientious Member, to spend most of his time in the House.

To the large proportion of Members who have aimed Federal Parliament, the salary of \$1,000 a year is attractive, and to some it represents affluence on a modest scale. But whether the Member spends most of his time in Canberra or in his electorate, \$1,000 a year goes nowhere.

Bigger still on his \$1,000 is made by the Treasurer, who extracts from his fellow-Member exactly the same tribute in taxation as he does from any other member of the community. There are still a lot of people who imagine that Parliamentarians who make the same escape their taxes.

The Member gets a railway pass which enables him to travel free on any railway in the Commonwealth. Until recently he had to pay all his other expenses out of his own pocket when he was on specific Government business as a member of a Parliamentary Committee. Now, however, he gets a daily allowance for the time he spends in Canberra.

I know one diligent rank-and-file Member with a large country electorate whose first three years

of Parliamentary membership have cost him all the private resources he built up in many years of professional work.

As a member of a Parliamentary Committee, the rank-and-file Parliamentarian, by living frugally when on the job away from Canberra, may be able to make a small profit on the two to three thousand a day expenses which the job creates.

Every mail brings dozens of letters seeking donations to this or that local charity, and the Member must pay up if he wants to keep his popularity—and his seat. It's blackmail in a subtle form, of course, but the taxpayers regard it as part of their Member's duty to pay, and pay the Member comes to the very heart of his financial resources.

Until recently a Member had either to handle his Parliamentary correspondence himself or join with a group of fellow Members exactly the same tribute in taxation as he does from any other member of the community. There are still a lot of people who imagine that Parliamentarians who make the same escape their taxes.

The rank-and-file Member has a stamp allowance of 8½¢ a year, which never covers his mail and his telephone. He has free telephone facilities.

Your Member has access to the best library in the Commonwealth, and he may have his books posted to him wherever he may be.

He has the use of a splendidly equipped restaurant in Parliament House, but he must pay standard prices for all his meals. Before the allowance was intro-

duced, many Members, to ease the dullness, walked the mile back to the Hotel Kurrajong to get the mirth which they paid for as part of their board and lodgings.

In the Parliamentay bar—which is on a bear quota just the same as your corner pub—your Member pays for his drinks at the usual prices, and he's for a hospitable reader.

In Parliament House he can find a locker, shower room, rest room and even a pillow and blankets if these happen to be an all-night sitting of the House.

Your Member will go to Canberra for the first day as M.P. first with enthusiasm. For the first few weeks he'll be slightly awed and bewildered by his new surroundings. After all, he's just an ordinary fellow like you and me, and it probably won't long ago when all the big time politicians he is now hobnobbing with were just states in the newspapers.

The Whip will write his name in the Party book, and he'll select his seat in the House and put his name on it. He'll probably sit down on the best seats because the old hands will have got there early. But if your new Member is wise he won't worry about being on a remote back bench for his first Parliament. He'll learn quicker and less painfully back there.

In the first few weeks he'll attend a lot of Party meetings, and again, if he's wise he'll just listen for a while. Nothing like the old hands more than a noisy newcomer.

Having adjusted the hazardous crossing from private to public life

via the ballot-box bridge, your Member will probably think the rest will be easy, and that a place in the Cabinet and a room with a wife and his wife at the door is just a matter of course.

He'll soon learn that first Parliament Ministers are very rare creatures and that the odds against his ever becoming a Minister are high indeed. He'll also be rather haggard when he learns that the average age—Parliamentary life—of a Member is less than even ten.

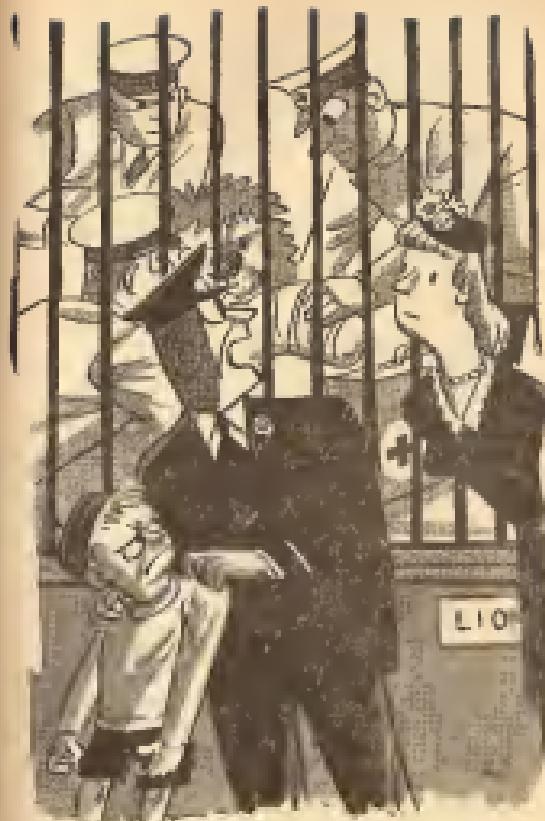
Presently, however, your new Member will settle down. He'll learn the principles of the job and tread the corridors of Parliament House with more confidence. Soon he'll be calling Members by their first names.

He'll learn how to handle constituents, and by constant study of the Standing Orders he'll learn the tactical points of Parliamentary debate so that one day he might become as proficient in this respect as the late John Curtin, who was a master.

In private life your Member will be as undiscernible as he can because his political enemies will bear the watching as from all the time. In public, he'll learn to be the friend of all.

If he has the right temperament your new Member will like the excitement of Parliamentary life because, even in those blood days, there's still a bit of glamour left in it.

But, unless he has a large private income, your Member is likely to go out of Parliament a poor man. Public service offers no riches.



"By his side here!"

The Mangyungs' tribal primitive tribe whose members especially have tails



MEN WITH TAILS

JAMES ARCHER

THE Philippines island of Mindanao, a few minutes south of civilized Manila, is the home of a strange, backward tribe of people known as Mangyungs. Filipinos themselves know very little about the Mangyungs . . . except that there are many of them deep in the central ranges who have tails. I repeat—tails.

We didn't believe it either, at first. But our forest and jungle guides, Basilio Deyes, assure that he had seen three tails himself. So did a few other educated Filipinos. According to their description, the tails range in size from one to three inches, projecting from the lower base of the spine, or at proper tails do.

We were naturally anxious to see the gangly things living arguments for the Darwinian theory. But Basilio declared we would be lucky enough to discover a timid Mangyung down from the distant hills. As we trundled to

the descent—too far, too impossible . . . and the men had set us.

We decided to settle for the tail-less Mangyungs who were scattered at the intersections within a tree-haunted struggle by jeep. Basilio suggested we cross over saddle peaks and through tall spear grass that closed in over our heads as we huddled a path through it.

After a few hours we found out that Mangyung family. Their house was a dirty lean-to, little different from the shelter of the more savage tribes of New Guinea. Mangyungs themselves are a very small people, much darker in color than the Filipinos, with long black hair, warty bodies and African-type features. Their clothes are anything they can lay their hands on—or simply nothing but tree clothes.

To win their confidence we gave them some coconuts and chewing-gum. After polishing off the

coconuts, they also chewed and swallowed the gum. Then we showed them photographs of Filipinos, which they regarded with an expression hardly as disconcerted as when they were holding them upside down, as we turned the book around in their hands. When it started upon them what they were looking at, they broke out in a whole catalog of glee.

Through Basilio, who could speak their dialect, I questioned them on their isolate existence, customs and work. We checked our answers with other Mangyung families we discovered, so that by the end of the day we had a distributed, somewhat incredible picture of a tribe living in the middle of civilization, yet forgotten by man and the world.

Mangyungs are gypsies by nature. Roaming in family units through the mountains, they seldom stay in one place for long. In the rainy season they plant corn and rice, milking all their deer. They also grind some obscure plant called *ayao* in a wooden board, the prepared food of which resembles popcorn. Hollowed-out tree holes hold their supply of rice, fermented coconut juice.

Mangyung men hunt wild pigs with bows and poisoned arrows, and some tame birds out of the air with home-made slingshots. A few Mangyung families will grow and care tobacco (*tabacco*)—the remainder are very fond of tobacco. All Mangyungs—like the Genses outside, clear brevity, which accounts for the fiery red color of their gums.

Nothing is produced for trade or barter. Each family is self-

sufficient, a world unto itself. One family we talked with—Palo Macao, his wife Chia, their children Araki, Poos, Dagay—were recently prepared to part with bows and arrows by Basilio, who paid a price. Palo Macao made a long, barefoot trek to the nearest Filippino village and spent all the money for three kilos of salt. No Mangyung family ever seems to require a single centavo.

Mangyungs do not have birthdays—because they cannot count. Not one of them knows how old he or his son or wife is, nor does he care. There is only calendar in the country—sunrise. When a man comes he knows it is time to plant his corn and rice. He celebrates no holidays, no feasts, no festivals, being in this respect even more backward than the hermit tribes in the darkest corners of the world.

If a Filipino should make an appointment with a Mangyung for the latter to come to see him in three days, the Mangyung will make three knots in a blade of grass. Each time the sun rises he will untie one knot. When he unties the third knot he knows it is time to journey to his appointment.

Basilic is no familiar stranger to the Mangyungs. Never having seen a doctor, a missionary or a book, he accepts death as its own territory. When a Mangyung is sick, he simply goes to sleep. Sometimes his family will boil the roots of a certain tree and feed the soup to the ailing or infirm. But usually parents are left entirely to the mercy of nature. As the Mangyung told Basilio simply, "If you are meant to die, yes, die."

If you are meant to live, you live." Almost every Mangyung human by a populous village has died.

Funerals are simply a matter of digging a hole and depositing the body. When we questioned Mangyungs as to their beliefs in an after-life and their concept of a God or gods, they expressed total ignorance. Who made the sky, the trees, the sun—the who gave them good grace? They didn't know. Would they like to know? Yet, they would like to know.

There is no Mangyung marriage ceremony, no dowry, no courtship. A Mangyung man takes a Mangyung woman and they have children. An example is that. Yet around as they may be, there is no divorce problem. A Mangyung man stays with his wife and children.

The Mangyungs also have a peculiar moral code. If one kills another, the murderer will seek out the victim's next of kin and confirm his crime. He will then wait for the "Government" to call and take him away for his punishment. Why does he confess? Because if he does not, "the Government" will find out and kill him."

However, a Mangyung will not confess his crime if he is guilty of stealing—"because he is too ashamed," Rosalie translated seriously. Nevertheless, if he is accused, he will promptly admit the truth.

This "different, savage tribe," oddly enough, is morally in-

clined. Their instruments are the fire, a plane whelk carved out of bamboo, and a guitar, a mandore, hand-carved, decorative guitar. One Mangyung family obliged us by playing a tune, and we hastily obliged them to stop. By comparison, fire on the cold side was a Brahmin whisky. The only song a Mangyung sings is a native lullaby for his children—again paralleling the lonely happy country of New Guinea.

As far as the war was concerned, that of course did not know what it was all about. They were in doubt at all places, whether Jap or our own, and ran to hide in the grass when any approached. They understood the meaning of bombs, and were afraid if they were seen they would have had bombs dropped on their tails.

A few Mangyungs have survived far enough away from the safety of the hills to wander into a camp area where census were being taken. They were convinced that the person shadow they saw were real people. Because they talked.

When we said goodbye to the last Mangyung family on our visiting list, we passed the head of the family cutting his hair with a broken knife. And one of the children was delighted to discover that a broken battle-axe had dissolved inside a delicious toothless ring—at an enormous risk of "cutting a mouth."

WHEN Japanese troops occupied Bali, one of their official demands

was that several hundred young single women be taken over for army use. And again, the native politicians, immediately ordered a mass marriage between all young men and women on the island.

According to reports, the trick worked. The unpredictable Japs did not make the bumper crop of Balinese brides



"Philip and I want you to know, Rosalie, that you welcome us very much and we love to see him."

Plan for

THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 19)



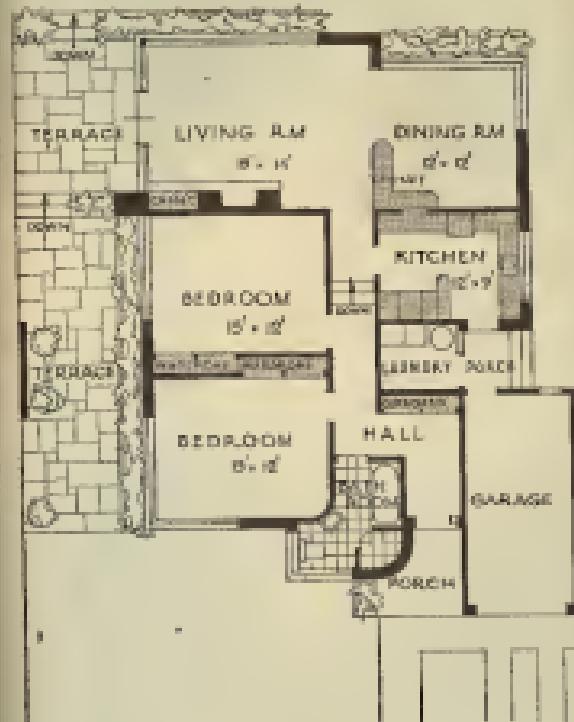
PREPARED BY R. WILSON SCHAFF, AIAA

Sloping home-sites present their own -particular planning problems. It is the aim of the designer always to plan a home that, when completed, looks as though it grew out of that very piece of ground — that, with its garden settings, naturally becomes part of it.

A boulder planned house that sits up high above the ground on one side nicely looks as well as one that appears to be melting down into its setting. The longer lower lines of modern design have helped a lot in creating the impression of houses and land being united at one. They are logical, and logical planning can go a long way to solving the problem of the sloping site.

This plan offers a solution for land that falls away from the street. It is, basically, dropping the floor level to coincide with the ground's slope. Bedrooms and bathrooom sit on the higher level, while the living rooms and the kitchen are on the lower level. This gives added height to the main areas which many home owners would consider an advantage in itself.

The difference in level takes place in the hall, where it does not contribute an inconvenience. It serves also as form an effective division between the living and sleeping sections of the house.





The plan is for a two-bedroom house, and the maximum height for outdoor living has been kept. The living and dining rooms on the lower level are really one big room, divided by a bookcase cabinet which conceals the fireplace. Interest in the living section is centred around the fireplace, with a piano cabinet at the side.

Large windows from both these rooms come down almost to the floor, so that full advantage may be taken of the floor bases outside them. Glass doors from the living room open out on to the paved terrace, also edged with flower boxes. The chimney wall is continued out into the terrace to form a division which coincides with that between the bedrooms and the living portion and also the break in levels between the two sections of the terrace, as in the house.

The garage is placed where it is handy to the street, and has an access from the rear porch. This is often a convenient feature for the bedrooms, and for the visitors.

Some very exact suggestions only and may stand considerable variation. As shown, and at £150 per square, this house would cost £2,300.

PREFABRICATED HOMES

By W. MATION SHARP, ARKATA

INFORMED opinion in Australia is almost unanimous that there are under the total people over one million concentrations of population here for the prefabrication of houses, even to develop one or more industries, threatening to take the place of the present timber building method.

It is possible, however, that the current housing figure will make it possible for prefabrication to continue to operate profitably for a number of years. One important factor often overlooked is that it is not necessary for a house to be completely built on site for rent. Like car, various parts can be built in different places and later the source of raw materials.

Four British-built prefabricated houses have been imported for experimental purposes. Out of these two prove the Australian preference.

Of these the "Arach" is the most complete prefabricated. It is of aluminium and is in four main units. Four lorries are used to transport the house to the site and a mobile crane to put it on the previously prepared foundations. Erection takes only a few days, plus the time required to connect up the services, such as water, water and electricity.

This is a two-bedroom house, with one large living room, kitchen and bathroom.

The "Tirana" is a reinforced concrete house, waterproofed and

insulated. It is held together at the angles and has an asbestos cement roof, wooden window frames and doors. According to the firm the name is the "Arach."

The "Arach" is made up of steel frame posts, sheathed with asbestos, separate brick砌筑 and roof. Glass wool is used as an insulation between walls and the roof.

The fourth prefabricated house, the "Uroba," is nearly a product of the pottery industry and could be prefabricated by potters, pottery firms and other industries forming themselves into a manufacturing group. It is a timber frame, covered with asbestos cement, with ceilings of fibroboard and floors of vinyl panels. It is finished with a flat roof.

Basically, these imported houses vary only slightly from prefabricated houses now being built in Australia. A firm of builders has been erecting houses on the same principle as the "Uroba" for a number of years. Houses with walls of complex slabs of water-proof concrete are being built at Goulburn, N.S.W., and in Victoria. Several firms offer prefabricated houses built on frames of steel joists or steel angle sections.

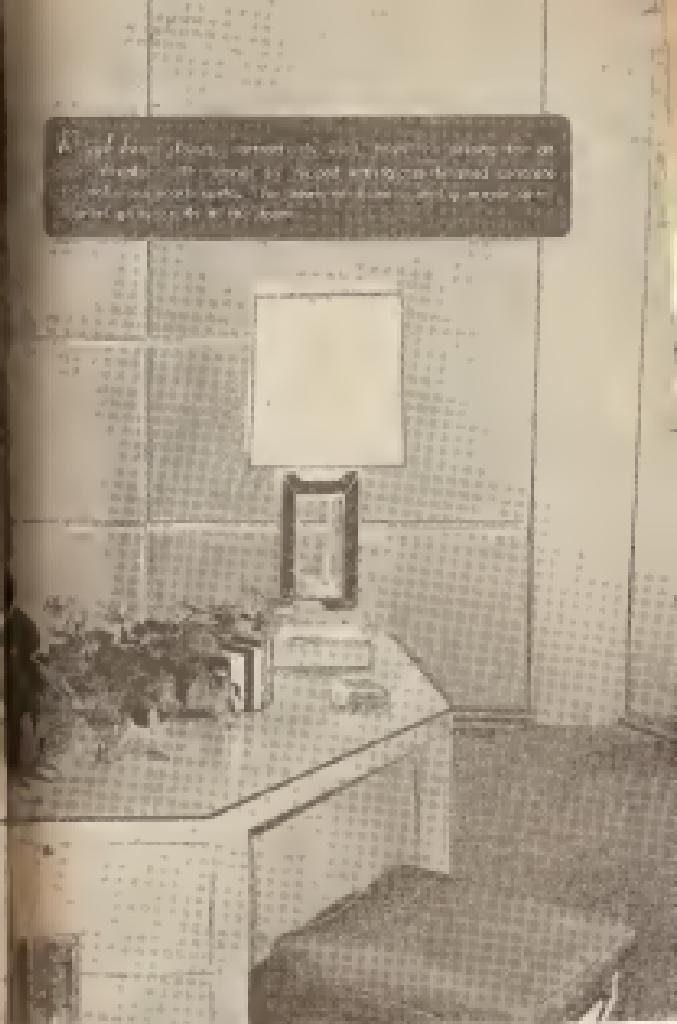
All these systems offer considerable freedom of design and plan, but not quite the same freedom as in the older method. Consequently, a reduced price may be the added attraction to gain public favor.



Ideas FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

Careful study, the family fireside plays a most important part in the decorative scheme of comfort. At your fireside to your relaxation, for example, a simulated log alcove fire to match a modern fire here even to the undecorated country rustic-style and stream-lined alcoves.

A pleasant and sensible arrangement for an open fireplace is one which incorporates both fireplace and a cubby-hole for logs. The brick hearth upon which the fireplace is set is kept in its natural colorings, recessed or the back of fireplace and cubby-hole. The broad shelf lends itself to an symmetrical arrangement of a dwarf garden and glass bowl.



Ward Ward (1864-1938) was a well-known architect, engineer, and author who spent his life working on projects throughout the United States and Canada. He is best known for his work on the Panama Canal, where he served as chief engineer of the Panama Canal Commission from 1907 to 1914. After leaving the canal, he returned to the United States and worked on numerous other projects, including the construction of the Panama Canal Bridge, the Panama Canal Tunnel, and the Panama Canal Dam. He also wrote several books on engineering and architecture, including "The Panama Canal" (1914), "The Panama Canal Tunnel" (1916), and "The Panama Canal Dam" (1922). He died in 1938 at the age of 74.

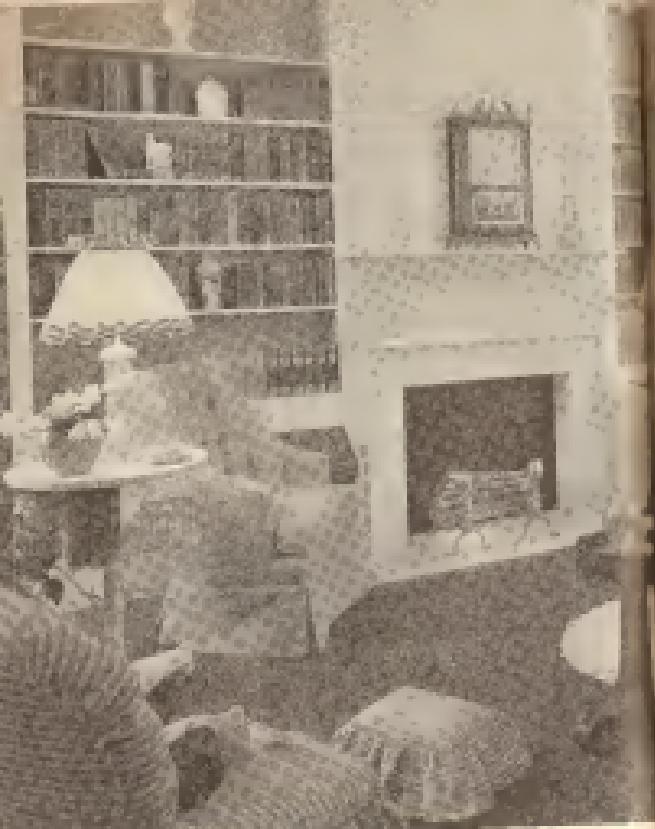


A deep, arched grille in a formal sitting room like this panel presented room. The deep molding of the frame robes the fireplace stand out distinctively from the walls.

—*Maple* Plate



A white marble *mantelpiece* set against a mirror makes a dramatic focus for a big fire. The scalloped royal motif of the ten-day is repeated in the mold of the mantelhead—used in this instance to hold a model ship.



An electric log fire, poised on shining metal brackets, blazes with the delicate white-hot surroundings and warmth. The white movement and drift maintain the early Victorian motif, even to candle and the old clock.

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TAKE A GOOD LOOK...

George



—BLOW A LONG BLOW

John



June

YOUR LUNCH-TIME ENJOYMENT—



DEPENDS ON THE MENU.

October



At Gaspé

EVERY WANDERING WAYFARER—

Australasian CAVADEE



SUCCESSIONS TO THE SANDS OF TIME

October, 1890

Archer



Problem of the Month

Three men, Carter, Parker and Barker, are together in a plain, oak-walled room with a single electric light set high in the ceiling. A fourth man, Mr. Tapp, comes in to possess the three of them with a little tool of reasoning power. First, he blindfolds each, then marks each man's hand with chalk—either black or white. None of the three know which color is being used at his hand. All three may have black marks, or white, or one may have one color, and the other two the opposite mark. When Mr. Tapp leaves them, he also removes the blindfolds and instructions.

If one man sees the black mark on another man's forehead or forehead on both the other men, he is to start whistling and continue whistling until he has ensured what color mark is on his own forehead. It so happens that each man has black marks. All three men whistle, and then Father, the eleventh one, answers at last:

Answer

“...and so on every good day, though it takes time.”
Peter had said when she had asked him what he did all day.



FICTION SECTION



Death by Talking

"One date was incongruous — even though he knew nothing about it until it caught him."

JOHN GULTON

EVERY year for fifteen years, Edith Brown had taken her annual holidays in May. Every year, she had gone to Glen Brae, Langdale. Edith disliked new things, and the guest house had not changed hands, staff or appearance at all that time. She could count on seeing the same people there each year, because Glen Brae attracted a sort of society of public workers, like herself, or have.

She could be sure of having someone to discuss the appalling lack of departmental in the new crop of junior typists, to deplore the impatience of the younger generation, and converse in her own snug little world happily.

She came down to breakfast on

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the first morning after her arrival in Ames, the elderly waitress, was putting her breakfast on the table.

"Good morning, Miss Brown," said Ames. "Nice morning."

"It's indeed," agreed Emily cordially.

She pulled her skirt down proudly, and sat down to scrambled eggs and bacon, bacon and marmalade, and cups of Miss Warren's excellent coffee. The elderly man sitting opposite looked up once.

"Will trouble you for the sugar?" he asked, politely.

"I beg your pardon," said Emily, hardly obliging.

After breakfast she went out on to the front verandah and dozed comfortably in the cane lounge. The sun still peered down, but not so heatedly as it had earlier. Emily's pleasant little day seemed to be storage and when parasols tripped over the end of the lounge.

"I beg your pardon," apologized the elderly man. "Did I turn you?"

Emily shook her head.

"Not at all."

"I'm sorry if I disturbed you, but I don't see very well without my spectacles."

"That's quite all right," assured Emily. "I think we have the morning tea."

"Oh, yes. You. I think so. Wretched weather, isn't it?"

Emily peered out into the darkening grey streaks of rain.

"I think it will break before long," she opened, after due consideration.

"Quite possible," agreed the elderly man. He went over to a table and opened a book that was

on it, placed a pair of reading spectacles on his nose, and began to read, reading them as a pad he produced from his pocket.

Emily remained vaguely aware of morning tea. Ames turned over her hair as silently as

"Who that Mr. Bronte you were talking to, Miss Brown?"

"Mr. Bronte? I don't know, Ames. He was at my table for breakfast."

"That's right." Ames lowered her voice reverentially. "He writes books?" she confided.

"Books? Hector Bronte?" asked Emily.

"That's right," said Ames.

Emily blushed a couple of times. She had actually read the works of the man on the verandah. Good, sensible books they were, too. Books about early colonial writers.

"Why, Ames, he's a very fine man," she squeaked excitedly. "So they tell me. Clever, I never read books myself," said Ames.

She did not go far on her rambling walk forward, she got out her pen and writing pad...

"Dear Curtis I thought I'd let you know I arrived safely, after an uneventful journey. The place is much the same, I am pleased to say, and Hector Bronte is staying here. We sit at the same table and had an interesting talk this morning. I understood he is writing another of his interesting books."

When it reached the girls in the office, the effect was nothing short of devastating.

"To think that old hen—!"

"Our Emily . . ."

"After all those years . . ."

"She certainly knows how to ask them."

"Isn't it disgusting?"

It was a choice bit of gossip among the girls who had come under the spell of Emily's spatterdash tongue.

Jean had an appointment for lunch with Dick, who had once worked with Emily.

"Darling," she called, before they had fairly got settled in the cafe. "Guess what?"

"You're engaged?"

"No," Jean waved her hands

excitedly. "Emily Brown."

"What? Engaged?"

"No. Not engaged. But we had a letter from her the morning. She's in love. And she's not Hector Bronte. Emily's poor old girl needs the money."

"Hector Bronte?"

"Yes. You know, those awful stage novels . . ."

"Oh, Hector Bronte. Not really!"

"Yes. They're staying at the same guest house."

"Awfully."

"Yes. Of course, she goes there every year. But her staying there now, and the poor old thing's gone mad over him—it's terrible."

Der wrinkled her head dolorfully.

"You seem worried at that age, doesn't it?"

"I'll say. Well, poor old Emily. Here we are—!"

They launched into a discussion on movies.

Der went back to the office and helped for the telephone.

"Darling," she said, when she

finally got her answer. "Remember her when we worked with her? That delightful old hen, Emily Brown, who ran the place? Well, you won't believe this, I know, but she's married and sold jeans. And you wouldn't believe a word, but she's actually looking a man. As big as me, mark you. Isn't that odd? Oh, Hector Bronte—he writes books, she says. Just the kind old Brown would go for. Oh, brother. That goes my bonzer. I'll sing you lousy, Ames . . ."

As soon as she had hung up after Dick's call, Ann picked up the phone and dialed another number.

"Jo—Ann here. I've just had a call from a friend of mine. A friend of hers had a letter from a girl she works with—Emily Brown. Yes—I worked with her once—years ago. That's right. Well, Emily has apparently cleared out with Hector Bronte."

"Yes, that's right. That's at the same guest house, and, from what I gathered, it's a passing fad. No, Jo, don't do that. This is no place for children. I wouldn't have told you . . . But the whole thing is disgusting."

Ja put the phone back into the cradle. She put out her hand to lift it up again, and then looked at the clock. With a bit of a smile, she could make it.

Stringing in hand, she scuttled out the door and headed for the shop. Buttons, bakers, grocers, confectionists—but, as she waited for the bus, she spied her quarry.

"Hello, Miss Brown," she sharply. "Shopping?"

"Obviously," agreed Miss Rocke.

"Such a brother, isn't it?" pointed Jo brightly. "Now's that clever brother-in-law of yours! I believe he's working on a new book."

"He's given to understand."

"A friend of mine," replied Jo, "was telling me all about it. A friend of hers is with him."

There was that about her voice which gave Miss Rocke cause for wonder.

Miss Rocke rang the bell of her sister's door with an emphatic finger.

Mrs. Bruster opened the door.

"Why, Jerry, what brings you here at this time of day?"

"Aggie, I've got some bad news for you," said Miss Rocke without any preamble.

"Bad news?"

"Yes, I'd better come inside and tell you."

"Well?" demanded Mrs. Bruster, when her sister had dropped the strumming on the floor and sat upright in a hard chair.

"Where's Hector?"

"Hector? Huh, way?"

"I know he's sorry. He's staying at a guest house. Give him at Tepicalla."

"That's right. How did you know?"

"Because," said Jerry Rocke deliberately, "he's staying there with another woman, and she's bringing about a truce to all her friends."

Agatha Bruster sat down suddenly.

"Jerry, you're crazy. He wouldn't do a thing like that. He—why, it's ridiculous."

"I tell you, Aggie, it's right. Her name's Emily Brown. It's common gossip."

"But who told you?"

"A girl I know. She is friendly with most of the Emily Brown's friends."

"I don't believe it, but . . ."

"Remember what happened before you married him, Aggie. I always said . . ."

Every time they worked a case, there was always a虎. Hector had always disapproved of Hector the difficult the way in which he made a living, heroic though it might be.

Early next morning, Agatha Bruster saw her solicitor:

"Hector?" he said, when he had heard the story. "My dear Mrs. Bruster—this is distressing. You must have more than mere hearsay. Why don't you go up there and see him? There must be some explanation."

Agatha, red-eyed and freckled after a sleepless night, sat her mouth tightly.

"If you won't," she said, still hearing Jerry's prompting, "some one else will do it for me."

And the solicitor raised his eyes upwards—but consented to write the letter.

Henry Bruster called at the Tepicalla Post Office and asked for his mail. The postmaster handed over half a dozen letters. He read them, reading them . . .

As she said afterwards, with marked delight:

"He read this letter, and then he read it again. 'Good God,' he said—and he dropped dead. Just like that . . ."

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She was an interesting case. He felt he could help her to overcome her failing...her studies, her case and all.

Her TAKING

T. W. MATHAN

DOCTOR Adelstein Bawwicke considered that the quality of mental pose was indispensable to a rising psychiatrist, so for some years he had cultivated it with great pains. In view of this, it was more unfortunate than he ever undertook to treat the day patient, Miss Mavis Jagger-Jones.

It was a bright spring morning when first the high kites of the sunbeams studded the carpet of Doctor Bawwicke's surgery. He sensed an unusual disturbance the moment he saw her, for she was even more effervescent than the usual patients

had indicated with her numerous photographs.

She was seated in dancing style; her figure was a symphony of twinkling curves, and her all-clad calves were two lyrics in flesh; in short, picture less refined than Doctor Bawwicke would have described her as "a dancing girl."

He measured her in a chair and pleasantly regarded:

"Well, Miss Jagger, what are you complaining of?"

As she looked up at him her big dark eyes were full of pathos.

"Oh, doctor!" she cried. "You

can help me—I'm in trouble! Somebody sent me an anonymous letter saying you'd be the right one to come to. I can't stand. I have a lot of sexual disease. You see, I—er—take things."

She dropped her eyes.

He adjusted his elegant pocket book. "You mean you take things to drink?" he queried.

"No—not that," she cooed. "I take drugs—or—bringing to other people. I just can't help it. It sort of gains me. It gives me a tremendous thrill when I'm doing it—but it's simply horrid when I'm forced out!"

"I'm—er—and how long have you been subject to these whims?"

"Oh, ever since I was a little girl. I was always getting in trouble over it at home. And it's made me very unpopular among a lot of my friends. It's terribly

Ways . . .

embarrassing, Doctor. You know those faces over it? Here she dropped her eyes again, obviously in mortal distress. "I—I've even had some trouble with the police."

"That's unfortunate. Of course, you are not really in need of the things you—er—take?"

"No—not a bit. It's just the thrill of taking them. I've always had everything I've wanted. Dad owns three big sheep ranches in N.E.W. and a hotel . . . Oh, Doctor, I do hope you can do something for me!"

He patted her mortified shoulder in a fatherly fashion.

"There, there," he soothed. "Of course I can help you. How would you like to have a little holiday at a place in the country where we can look after you?"

"Oh, no! Not out of these places?"

"Oh, well, that shouldn't be necessary, anyhow. We can frequently meet a guy like you simply by hypnosis and suggestion. Don't you worry about it any more, Miss Jagger. You just have faith in me, and I assure you I amagnetic than little trouble at your."

"Oh thank you, Doctor, thank you! Really, I feel better already."

He patted her shoulder again. Then he studied her face. She had very pretty hair. His manner definitely wasn't as fathoming as before. She seemed to enjoy it. Presently she stood up, smiling apprehensively,

"Could I see you again tomorrow doctor?"

"Well, I have a great number of appointments tomorrow—but—oh, well, I'll get around to it if you're interested. We'll get right on to the job then."

When she had gone, he stood at the window of his surgery, watching her crossing the street below. An interesting case, he mused, in fact, a very interesting case. A truly intriguing little person—and that area! It was such a shame, but still a lot could be done for kidnapping cases. He would have to do everything in his power to cure her. . . . It was nice to think that she would be coming again soon.

He picked up a black card, intending to fill in the preliminary

details of her case. His fingers felt for his gold-engraved business card, but it was not in his pocket. It was *not* on the desk either. Strange! He could have sworn it was there a couple of minutes ago. That girl! She must be a worse case than he had imagined. Now, he would need to be even watchful next time...

But the loss of his fingers failed little to decrease Doctor Blue's appreciation of his fair patient. All day he had been fidgeting through his mind. And on the marrow he found himself in a state of blissful unconsciousness.

However, about five minutes before the time fixed for the appointment, the name announced that one Detective Hobbs wished to speak to him on the phone.

The detective brought back news in a harsh voice: "Miss Moore Jones asked me to cancel the date she had with you. She's just been picked for shagging at Woodfield's, and she won't be seen on hall for a couple of hours."

"Oh—thank you," said the doctor. He replaced the receiver, looking shocked and disengaged. "Piss off!" he snarled. "How untrustworthy!" He was appalled at the depth of his own feelings, for he had never felt that way about a patient before. That girl had certainly oscillated his ego.

When she "shagged" him a couple of hours later, the sound of her voice actually made him tremble.

"Is that you, doctor? Oh, you had such an awful experience! I never have been crazy. I tried to steal a tin of boot polish from Woodfield's, and out of those

wretched foot-walkers caught me!"

"Boot polish?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes—just for the hell of it, of course. The case was also lately crowded, and it was so exciting trying to sneak it off the counter! Doctor, I do wish I could see you later. I feel so much better after a talk with you."

A strange reluctance came over him. "Well, I've looked up very briefly all the afternoon, Miss Jones, but perhaps you would care to see me tonight? We could go to the theatre and talk things over at supper."

"Oh, doctor, I'd love to!" she enthused.

When he had fixed the time and place, Doctor Burocco leaned back in his chair and muttered to himself, "Am I going crazy? Making a date with a hystero-maniac! What on earth has that girl done to me?" His shock has been continuous. That carefully cultivated composure was certainly taking a few knocks.

He still felt somewhat dazed when he called for her in the evening, and the fact that she responded to his advances made his mental state even more unsettled. Having her beside him in the car was like a dream come true—even if he did have to keep his eyes on a few belongings.

Sedged in the theatre, he constantly held her hand, swaying far more intensely in her than in the play. It was this drowsy atmosphere which caused him to notice the cold wrench incident.

This occurred just before intermission. In the semi-darkness, he



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saw his free hand and castingly towards the window at the other side. There were a few more seconds of suspense. Then the hand stole back, clasping a watch, which noiselessly disappeared into her bosom.

The doctor's heart sank. He pinched her arm suddenly. "Mabel!" he whispered in a tone of anguished reproach.

She gave a little shiver as she realized she had been observed. A moment later he could almost feel the glow of the blush that suffused her countenance.

Doctor Bewick then began tracing his mental capacities in their vision. Fortunately the old gentleman was entirely unaware of his loss. He was very anxious, and appeared to be slightly under the influence, for he had made a number of nervous movements during the scene. Also, he had a receding stomach, which brought the arm of manipulation below his line of vision.

Now that watch had to be put back, and the quicker the better, for there was no knowing when he might notice its absence. An alarm was now thoroughly aroused, the doctor realized the danger of continuing the task, so he left. His master claudily waddled up.

"Give me the watch," he whispered. "I'll slip it back in we go out of interest."

Interval came, and the old gentleman crossed the long space flowing towards the door. Presently the doctor brushed past him, quietly replacing the watch as he did so.

The best way both doctors and success, and his accomplishment brought a strange and vital thrill to the doctor's bone. Somehow she thought that he had handled another person's property, in another person's pocket, and a large crowd, who were completely unaware of it, was amazebly amazebly; it was a dynamic new experience. He felt as if his entire past had been without significance, and that now, for the first time, he was enjoying the fulness of real life.

A few seconds later he turned back, and, quite involuntarily, but with just as much skill, his hand slipped again into the old gentleman's pocket and recovered the watch.

There was a strange brilliancy in his eyes as he gripped Mabel's arm.

"Come on, my dear!" he said. "Quickly—you're going!"

Not until they were in the shadow of a by-street a long way from the theatre did he pause to explain.

"Darling," he said, "I feel that I can understand you at last. No wonder you were so taken aback! The one thing I still don't understand is why on earth you want to be cured of such a delightful habit! I think it's absolutely charming! I've never known anything so exciting in my life! You and I had better keep going together, and I'll tell you how lots of fun!"

Here he took her at the arms and gave her an extended kiss.

As he responded, her delicate fingers moved steadily towards the pocket where he had placed the watch.

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And you've changed them a dozen times, haven't you? This, of course, you have. Every pair or so you've had to buy a stronger pair because your eyes were getting weaker.

Anyways, you ask, what's it all about? Just that you hadn't worn them any longer. That is, of course, provided you've got one of those specially long ones.

Ever heard of Eye Culture? I don't mean just that exercise business . . . moving the eye around and all that. Many people seem to think that's all there is to it, but there's far more to Eye Culture than you moving the eye around.

There was a rather pitiful case of a girl who wanted to live a normal life and relax, too, but there was a terrible handicap. One eye had been crossed since she was three she had slept right and suffered a great deal of discomfort. She had worn glasses more than half her life. On top of all that she was very highly strung and had Myasthenia Gravis, which is a condition in which the voluntary muscles work spasmodically and in her case it caused continuously fits of pain in the eyes and mouth.

After one visit for this complication she got full permission by reading a book specially addressed over to me for informative material. "Eye Culture without Glasses" is

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EYE CULTURE IN SYDNEY (ESTABLISHED 1929)

THE WOMAN IN THE RING



SOMEONE should have warned

me Doug Finnegan had a smooth line of talk. His arguments ran along the lines of clothes, jewels, cars and fame. He sketched a glowing picture of a penthouse in the clouds, then clattering for autographs and women gravitating at my feet. It sounded so attractive that I did not notice the face of the gymnasium closing firmly behind me. Doug had me in. I was going to become a wrestler.

"Mmme," moaned Doug as he weighed me on the beam-scales. "You have the natural grace and power of a神. You were throwing away your talent behind that

bed box. You're a chick. You'll draw the crowds. You're the classier women wrestler I've ever clapped eyes on."

"Doug," I snarled. "Don't get me wrong. I like you, and I like the way you dragged me out of the bear business. But honest, I've never hurt anyone in my life. I'm not a hater. I've never been one for the compensation. I'm mild, see? And if I'm mild, I can't go around decimating other chicks."

Doug said, "You're a laugh. It's obvious you've never been in the fight game before, even if you have been coping with the four-story bear rush. Wrestling's a

racket, see? There's nothing to it. Everyone knows it's faked. Get used to yourself. Mmme . . . be in the womb. With your muscles and my riding machine mind, we should go places!"

Maybe I'm dumb. My mother told me once never to take the advice of a stranger, and I only met Doug Finnegan once before that day. He was repulsive, but definitely my type. For the sake of his approval I imitated the harpoonal bear.

Eighty minutes later, Doug had a gruff faced Bill to teach me the finer points of the game. I was a big girl. But Bill

she was a god to love, and could wrestle like a champion—but she was still a girl to love.

BETTY LEE

per me to share. Now and then he would forget I was a mere woman and drove me out of the ring as though I was a dog. Doug would pick his teeth and scratch at me as I struggled through the ropes. The whole thing was不堪 to my feminine dignity.

One morning, from the middle of a Boston crab, I said: "Doug, what's my first match?"

Doug said, "I haven't decided. You're shaping well, old gal, but I don't want you killed off dirt go. I've been connecting a few Ruth prospects, and the best so far is Woodlawnlee Winnie Slick's couch, but she has an Achilles heel."

I managed to break out of the Cash Daddy, I slid under Bill's massive rock of a rump and up past the mousers. He grunted fitfully and allowed me to have my fun.

"Doug," I panted. "She sounds interesting, but do you think I should wrestle a girl with a disability?"

"A deformity?"

"The bed you talked about . . ."

"Then, my honey babe," continued Doug, "a merely a week ago in her dreams. She's married. With children. You can whisper notes in the ear and feelings of infatuation into her ear and she'll sleep everything to later. She has been known to lose a bout when her opponent's seconds produced a *fouette-brouette* at the side of the ring. But if no private weapon is forthcoming, she's likely to dehydrate you."

"French," I snarled.

He walked over and patted Basil on the shoulder.

"Let her go, please. That's enough big talk."

"Doug," I ventured, "how about you and I going dancing to-night? I know a sweet little club—decorated. And I know the music goes well enough to get plenty of liquor."

His eyes glinted across my face. "Mmme," he chided. "Ain't you ashamed? You're in training. No liquor, no smoking—no late nights."

I said, "Doug, I'm a woman."

"Mmme," he said, "I sometimes wonder if you have any sense of gratitude at all. I bare the best gun in town for you—an expert instructor. I pay your living or pension—buy you a new hat, and treat you to steak whenever you want it! What more can a girl need?"

I cracked my knuckles. "Are you talking?"

The night after I signed the contract to terminate *Woolfaccocooee Womme*, Doug asked me to go dancing with him. "Mmme, I'm proud of you," he grunted. "As soon as I saw you slumped low down that bar, I knew you were

a natural for the ring. The book with *Winnie* is going to put us on top. Let's celebrate!"

I spent hours at the hairdresser. I had a manicure and a pedicure, and I bought a new, hand-made dinner frock, because I had given out of my others. Doug was to call for me at eight. I was ready at seven. I sat on the floor and shaved my moustache at larger, muddily counting the seconds. When the showbell rang, Doug was standing on the mat, together with another man who looked like a cross between *Mme. Rosalie* and *King Kong*.

Doug said: "Mmme . . . meet Oscar Brown. Oscar Brown . . . that's Mmme."

I trembled. "How do ya do," and practically clattered the door to their faces.

"Come in," said Doug coolly to the intruder, and they both stepped across the threshold, brushed past me and doored the tails.

"Doug," I ventured, "we were going out dancing. Remember, we were celebrating!"

Doug snarled. "Just a minute, Mmme. The garrulous here is an advertising expert. He thinks up ways to put people across. He's clever. People pay him a lot of money for publicity."

Mr. Brown gabbled belligerently. "Fact is, Mmme," went on Doug, "we've hired Mr. Brown to handle publicity for us."

I got mad. "OK . . . OK. Let her advertise. Let him park up motor traps here to Roarke. But if we don't go soon, we'll leg that table at Joseph's."

"Mmme," persisted Doug

"I won't yet to try this one, Miss Troy. It's my best seller . . ." (says the Chemist)



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"You don't understand. That part of the property is confidential. Anyone can do that. Mr. Brown is a genius. He has in his pocket a contract, already signed by Woodhousemane Winnie, which will put us across with the wrestling fans. It's a record. It can't wait."

"All right," I said. "Let's get it over. You give me the paper and I'll sign. But if we don't get going, we'll cross the table. And Doug... , that's the first time I've been out for months."

Doug said: "All right," and Mr. Brown fished from his inside pocket for the contract.

They handed me a fountain pen and indicated the dotted line. I hesitated. "As long as I don't have to pencil down the main street on a white horse, or anything like that."

Doug shook his head. "Nothing like that. We're filling the ring with mud. You and Winnie are going to fight for the title in a gas bath."

I spluttered. "I have only signed for six months up to now. I can't drinking and smoking and just eating chocolates. I don't mind cracking another dame's ribs for you, but I do draw the line at doing it in public."

"Hahah," said Doug. "The whole thing has been lined up. You've been set to win the bout. We want the house packed. Winnie's not a bad dame, but you're an unknown. If we publicise the gas bath, we should pack them to the doors." He paused to note my reaction. "Marmite, love," he continued. "Do it for the Jew, for me."

His eyes shuddered.

I was beaten. I said "O.K."

The house was packed to the doors. They had to remove the dressings-room, disguised as a cloakroom. The fight then would have been set to packed otherwise. As Doug rubbed one down he said: "Now, give them a good show. Don't be afraid of anything. Just go in there and do your damnest. Remember. I'm all for you."

I said: "I could interpret that many ways, Doug."

"You're too sentimental, Marmite," he remarked. "You've got to keep romance out of business. It never works."

I thought quickly. "Now, look at Lord and Fairhaven—Dinner and Leigh."

"Marmite," he said, "you're on."

They had spread the ring with mud, an inch deep. The crowd was going mad. As soon as I made my appearance at the ring-side, they stood to their feet and boozed so though I was a tall-collector instead of a wrestler.

Woodhousemane Winnie appeared a few moments later. They boozed her, too. That crowd wasn't rough and Winnie made faces at them and waved her muscles at the ring-side. She circled me completely until the bell for the first round struck and we walked in for the referee's hold.

The first contact with the gas was startling. It was very cold, and it reached uncomfortably over my middle. My first thought was one of relief. At least I could keep my face out of it. The next second I had changed my mind. Winnie leaped down, snatched a fistful of the mud and buried it

at my head. I closed my eyes, but I could hear the roar from the crowd. The gas slid from my forehead to my nose, then down to my mouth. Slowly, with a volume of expression in my action, I wiped it from my face and eyes and glared at Winnie. She was standing upright in the mud, grinning at me.

Leaping forward, I grabbed her around the waist and we both did the thirty-cut. With a twist, I got her into a Boston crux, but she countered it swiftly and I found myself grovelling in the applied spine. This was the real thing. I glanced quickly at the corner for Doug, but he was smiling. It demonstrated our ally situation entered for a moment, and Winnie bent down on one knee lower. My thighs were aching. I hung my arms around Winnie's body, but the mud slid from under



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1/ MONTHLY

my fingers and I lost hold. The gas was edging its way into my mouth. I spit out a dismally mouthful, then gathered up a few fistfuls and slapped them into Winnie's face. She let go and staggered. That was my chance. Twisting my body, I applied a scissors and she tapped the mat.

The rest of it was a sticky conglomeration of holds, mud and streaks from the audience. I can not remember how many holds I tried, but I was certain that Winnie was losing. I was dead. I was covered with mud from head to foot, except for two holes that were my eyes. I was tired. The whole thing had lost its novelty. I was about to give up and walk out of the ring when the referee signaled over to me and held up my hand. I suppose I was the winner.

Afterwards, one of my seconds wiped the mud from my feet and gave me a swig of water.

I said: "Doug?"

He was there. He said: "Minnie, you were magnificent." His eyes were glowing. And sit, I could have said that name I mouthed: "Doug, let's you and I go and have some sugar water—where?"

He looked sheepish. "Sorry, Minnie. I can't do that. I've already promised . . ."

My lips and nose were aching. I sat all in. I said: "Who is it?"

She came from behind him. And at least she looked as attractive as I did. "Minnie," said Doug, "meet our wife . . . Woolfsonette—Winnie."

I picked up a handful of mud. Someone should have warned me.



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1. He succeeds in Sales-Oriented activities — then only admiration gives him a thrill.

2. He succeeds in Cooks and Hostess work — then only admiration gives him a thrill.





MUSIC *without* SOUND

We found her a day when half the horses were
When it comes, the horse he wouldn't go

L'opéra parisien

A LONG waste of beach, a bird walking along it, an empty limestone blust sky, next the cassowary's eyes are lit suddenly.

He was save and still and blood was congealed in his fingers and knees and upper lip. He had been on the beach through the night while the wind whirled slowly away over sand. When he awoke from oblivion it was a moment's shock to find the cream-coloured walls enclosing him and the tide snortles vibrating to the ship's

engaged. He began to ride stock. He might be anywhere. The beach looked like any other in the South Pacific. He knew nothing of shape or eye color. He rubbed his hands roughly on his tattered clothing. He was not hungry and he felt no attraction for the moment.

There would be music when they least of the wretched. Were any others saved from that noisy calamity in pitch darkness? They would measure less in three months.

ments. He must get to someone's phone and ring through before they reenforced his death on the papers. They would not believe it was he, he must look such a nervous . . . Then he thought vaguely at a hot shower and shave, and a good wild breakfast. And a place to work with, despite his fingers being damaged with chaps to slippery, splintered wood in the tunnel, isolating him. He must be in my farm for his next visit . . . His machine playing was the result of a genuine obsession; he would live revolved round the piano and the sounds hisapple fingers drew from the keys; it was his work and his play, his hobby and his art.

"Some time passed." It was getting darker. He struggled and rose to his feet. He looked towards the beach and there he saw a dozen or so black men stamp about, all peeing at him in various ways. There he felt suddenly like one banished.

He had hoped the place was some civilized country—for he had no money or love for he had drifted in the gulf-lashed night, or where the ship had been when it founders. But when he saw those people, naked and black, with a soft step, certain yet ready to bound away at an alarm, he was reminded of wild creatures he had seen, and he knew beyond doubt that these people had seen no man like him before. They were savages.

They built him a small low flat like their own over their village on a spot he chose. One be called Lame intended to this, for the very took a fancy to him and relied on him for everything. He

quickly regained his strength, and has growing brown hair and skin charged and purified the entire

There was no creature of pain
He fed his finger such remissly,
while his poor nose grew
longer and longer. He made a little
garden beside his bed. He abandoned
all hope of success and survival.
In his mind he admitted that his
position was hopeless. When
strength returned to his body it became
his to demand the ransom for
which it had been ransomed and delivered
for thirty years. Then he
was discovered, terrible indeed.

An unshakable longing forced down his arms till his fingers ached to feel the smooth cool turn of a piano string and to sense the throb at between an string and the violin bowing and the sound.

The mechanical action became a necessity. He drummed with his fingers on the sand, on his knees which showed through his tattered pants. He tapped his fingers on the trunk, his fisted and wrung his hands to keep them warm.

The subjects passed on him what he did those things, and he wondered what they suggested. They were, as always, bad.

Music you not lost to him, he played silent, reverberated sound in his head. But somehow the music with which he had once striven, to perfect music was far gone, forgotten, like the wind.

One day, after some dumb
desires, Leon gave him a knife,
and he wandered about, seeking in
the woods till he found the kind of
wood he felt he needed. He shaped
and carved and whittled for
a very long time till he had 83
pieces of wood, which he smoothed



The astonished duck sank !

• The duck is real duck—the usually so-called duck because Tengel had mimed the oil from its feathers. What, then happened, the duck was no longer capable of floating.

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with sand till they felt quite silly. Then with great care placed by the master he attached these pieces to a table-frame and weighted the ends, and experimented until he was satisfied. The result was a rude keyboard of a piano key-board, with keys that could be depressed and released. It was a great relief to have it finished at last and to be able to exercise his fingers on it while watching follo-

lowed his hands. He kept this thing in his hut and let the natives come and look at it, and again he wondered what they thought. They smiled at it and at him and clattered.

He practiced vigorously on his contraption, for as long in the morning and as long in the afternoon. His native friends at first found the finger-ping-pong-ing, later grew tired of watching him at that and left him alone. Sometimes he was carried to sleep time and he heard that a queer sort of piping used by the natives—but could quote well to sources from the works of the more learned composers. The natives never tired of that piping. Although he and they could not converse on the simplest subjects, such as the weather, they asked eagerly for Shadrakay and so on in their broad accents. He would announce the name of the composer before he played a note and the related thick silence would break and repeat the name, though what they thought it meant he never knew. He stayed in his hut for days at a time, biting with his fingers on the bouncing keys, his mother sleeping in his bed.

When his hand was white and the hair on his hand very thin a

clap came into the harbor a few miles from his village. He had not heard of it and was surprised and incredulous when the digger, placed with the friendly treatment received from the stranger, came with an excited accent, in response to their urgent beckoning, to see the village wonder.

It was difficult to find speech again. He cracked out a croaky word or two. He told them he was a musician, a pianist. He showed them his makeshift piano with pride.

They had a real piano on the ship. He was delighted with joy when he heard that and faintly danced as his shaking old legs, and could hardly wait till he had made the difficult, long journey to the harbor. While the rest of the white men watched and joined the cast away went before the piano. His bony fingers warmed the keyboard, and he sat down in front of it, put his foot over the pedal, and, rattling his hands, played a chord.

In corner he hung up. The terrible noise the three made! His hand rang with the sounds his fingers had forced from those harmless-looking yellow keys.

Shaking his head, tripbeard, he let them help him away from the terrible instrument.

The natives were glad to have him back, pleased at the interest taken in their wonder. The master sailed away, none thinking much pity of the old musician and his heartbreaking too.

But the thick rain, washing the piano playing on the keyboard, knew better than to pity rustic.

临江师范高等专科学校

Cavalcade STORYTELLER



THE man was happy as he worked about the fine wooden garage at home. He was proud, too, of his skill at dismantling and assembling engines, for in those days automobiles were few and men had to repair them scarce.

His countenance was marked by but one thing; the complete lack of enthusiasm displayed by his son on the subject of marriage.

He was appalled by the fact in the stories that they often had words about it. Thrush and pot-



REFERENCES CITED

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sessions were equally futile, the boy seemed to pass, and his stubbornness in this regard was as great as that of his father in insisting that he should be a major general.

Finally, they reached an agreement; the son should submit his work to an expert, and upon the committee's verdict would depend the youth's career. The expert—editor of the local newspaper—was brief and to the point: that the boy might, perhaps, become fairly handy around the garage.

(there) the only garage at town. He was proud, too, of his skill at dismantling and assembling engines, for on those days typewheels were few and men to repair them scarce.

His conservatism was inspired by but one thing: the complete lack of enthusiasm displayed by his son on the subject of engineering.

He was appalled by the fact in the course that they often had words about it. "There was no

The father, a Paleontologist

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who do not understand what it means to be a
Christian, and who therefore do not know how to
live their lives in accordance with Christian
principles.

NO ASTHMA IN 2 YEARS

For years we worked at it, trying to
find out what was the best way to
make money. There are two ways:
one is to work hard and the other is to
work smart. I think the latter is better.

DEM. REP. IN THE U.S. SENATE

As a result, many companies have adopted a more aggressive approach to risk management, focusing on identifying and mitigating potential threats before they become actual losses.

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Mendaco

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consigned him and his poems to an attic, where, unconscious of the value which shamed his studio—except for their modelling worth—the youth continued to draw. When he finally emerged to display his work to the critical eyes of paper editor, he had with him a number of caricatures. All were rejected.

The benighted editor rejected the sketches as promptly as he had earlier captured his right as critic. This time, the youth sought consolation from a friend who owned a binoculars which, although frequently out of action, operated all too well to perceive the contours of the trees at distant stretches of blarney drawings.

They experimented. The consequences were taken to the city,

where binoculars were known at first. There was talk there, too, that said would sometimes accompany the proceedings, and even that this would one day be drawn in color. It was an idea with possibilities. People thought along the lines of the film being used for educational purposes . . . for illustrating technical details of hunting scenes which hunters had been put out of the reach of ordinary film. For a time, the youth lived in a world of endless horizons. His plans were there, if only they could be explained. Those who saw the maps here and there had them. Soon the youth was offered back room for his project.

This was the world introduced to Master Mervet and his creator, Walt Disney.



H.E. was the only one of 12 children to survive. His father was a man of harsh disposition and violent temper; his mother the gentlest of women. It was she who, despite the fact that the family was close to poverty, encouraged with the help of her uncle to send the boy to Eton and Cambridge.

He himself was shy and earnest, and it has been said that there has been no more irreproachable character in English literature than he. It was fitting to his temperament that he should turn to poetry.

In this field, he was encouraged by a friend, Horace Walpole, who, approving of a poem, suggested that he should submit it for publication.

He soon fell into the hands of the editor of the *Magazine of Magazine*, who wrote to the poet stating that he would accept it for publication. The poet, in consideration of established rules, replied indignantly and demanded the return of his poem.

His letter was received too late, and the poem appeared in the magazine for February, 1751. Its publication brought him the ridicule he had feared, for it was felt in the literary world that it was negligible and banal.

He continued to write, he translated Latin poems, and attempted to translate others from English to Latin. But of all his efforts, just prior after his death, the poem which, written by his own hand, had earned him the name of the literary people of his

day. The original copies are today sought eagerly by collectors. The poem expressed exactly the writer's own thoughts of a melancholy and broken.

And when he died, he was buried in the churchyard at Stoke Poges—the churchyard which had inspired him to write the poem.

His name was Thomas Gray, and the work for which he will always be remembered was *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.

* * * * *



SYDNEY-BORN

Richard Hillary was among the courageous youths of postwar Oxford who were happy in their annual acceptance of war, literature and music. He was a "week-end pilot," a member of the University Air Squadron. When war broke out, he transferred to the Volunteer Reserve Centre of the University, for him was solved the problem of a career.

Sent to Scotland for training, he participated for the first time the most arduous and grim experiences of a flyer when men did not return.

Then came Dunkirk. Hillary volunteered for a fighter squadron, lot, to him, was still a glorious adventure—a game which would develop man's feelings to the utmost—in a race in which one either failed or was killed.

On September 3, 1940, Hillary took off in a greater measure forced to bail out, he landed in the sea and was picked up many

hours later—badly burnt and blind. Months in hospital in which he recovered his sight gave him time also to reassess his values, he realized that the death which had saved him as an undergraduate would save him no longer. Thus, in London, during the blitz, he was truly separated from his ego centric wife, aided by a widow to assist in buying the occupants of a house which had been bombed, he sat for the first time when war meant to humanity. They get a child and then—dead. The moment comes next, and the face Hillary saw through the blood was that of a thousand working women. She lifted her arms for the child and kept to sleep. Hillary realized that she was dying.

"Thank you, sir," she said, as she looked up into his face. "I see they get you, too."

Her words and the scene brought a full realization of the costs of war. He wrote of his awakening so that he might teach

the worth to a humanity which he had previously professed to ignore. If he could surmount his feelings he felt sure that he would have justified, at least in some measure, his right to fellowship with the dead, and to the friendship of those of courage and steadfastness who were still living, and would go on fighting until the ideals for which their comrades had died

were stamped forever as the future of civilization . . . Death should be given the setting it deserves; it should never be glorified; and for a lighter pilot it never can be . . .

Early in 1943 it was announced that 21-year-old Flight Lieutenant Hillary had been killed in air operations . . .

* * * * *



SOME say that she was a genius; others that she was mad. But perfectly remember Isadora Duncan as a woman who lived a rich, full life.

Dancing was part of her, and critics said that she was vulgar in manner. She herself saw in dancing the birth of a new culture—a culture which would banish from the earth all hatred, all pain.

In her native America, she was scorned and ridiculed. But in Europe she was loved as a great artist.

The Russians, particularly, welcomed her. They welcomed her as a guest, put their children under her care, and made her feel that, here at least, she was appreciated.

Isadora Duncan was possessed by one great fear—the fear of death. She thought death would come to her suddenly—that, indeed, she would die in an unmerciful accident. Once, she averted such an end by a hair's breadth when the car in which she was travelling overturned in a ditch.

She emerged from the wreckage unscathed—but the fear remained.

Her temperament permitted her to make no allowance for the day when her body would no longer be able to respond to the call of舞. She was, in fact, foolishly supine, and had it not been for her friends, she might have died a prancer's death.

It was on a cold spring night in 1927 that Isadora Duncan, yielding to the mood of the moment, asked her friend to take her for a drive in his car. It was not often that such a mood seized her. But this day, she felt a need to see the country, to get rid of the foolish fears and fears which haunted her for so long. She felt that a drive, away from the crowds, away from the city and the buildings, would help her to realize herself again. It was a dark tape, but nevertheless, she got in touch with her friend and stated her request. When he accepted, she prepared for the trip by winding a long scarf around her head.

She stepped into the car. It started—then stopped suddenly in order, her friend thought, that

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DOAN'S OINTMENT

she might gather up the long frings of the scarf which trailed over the side of the car.

But before Dorcas was dead

* * * * *



WHEN Captain W. Jack McKeon arrived back in Hollywood, there was no specially big crowd at the station to meet him. He had been shut down by the Nazis and had spent many weary months in a prison camp. He was gaunt, the fitter of film star, Olivia de Havilland.

To her, he told the story of those months he spent in a German compound, at the indignities and frustrations he had suffered. He told her, one of the unceasing strip of misery which he viewed from the compound, the ignorance, the callousness, the stench of gross filth which caused just no words freedom.

A week after his return, he and Olivia were invited to attend an informal party at the home of Ludwig Blaustein, Hollywood author and writer. It was a quiet, easy gathering—the sort of evening of which McKeon had dreamt whilst in prison. Far the first time, he seemed to relax. Perhaps the atmosphere just something to do with it . . . the quietness, the air of peace promised by the

* * * * *

The scarf was wound around the spokes of the car wheel, and the sudden jolt had broken her neck . . .

scratches and pictures which lined the walls of the room on which the party was held—pictures of the actress's native village at the Austria Tyrol.

McKeon made no mention of his experiences. But suddenly, in the middle of a joke, he fixed and his face turned white. His eyes held a look of indescribable horror. In an agony of suspense, his companion watched as his mouth drew into a tight, almost painful line, and his breath came in quick, labored gasps.

He extricated himself briefly and walked from the room. Olivia followed quickly.

Was he ill? she asked. He shook his head—he had merely had a shock. For on the walls of a Hollywood apartment, he had seen a landscape which had momentarily carried him back to his prison cell. It was a simple picture, a row of mountains, a stretch of green fields . . .

Even in freedom, the hotel now followed him. Jack McKeon had been imprisoned on the same village in which he had spent his youth!

* * * * *



ON the night of September 19th, 1940, German newspapers carried these headlines: "Night of

British Bombers Against 21 German Children"; "Murder of Children by British, Knowing Grace . . ."

for he presumed to see what could be done.

The pastor returned to his church. There, a few days later, came another demand that he should hand over the children again to authority.

Betha ordered his arrest—but the local Governor pointed out that the arrest of such a beloved man would create trouble which, even in Nazi Germany, would be hard to subdue.

Back in Berlin, the authorities considered the position.

On the evening of September 18, 1940, bombers flew over Berlin. And on the following night, the German press announced that innocent children had been the victims of British aerial raids; that 21 German children had died in an RAF raid.

This had Berlin solved the problem of how the children could be recovered without causing an outcry among the people of Berlin. And in the German files were the secret of another "treacher killing."

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Talking Points

* Over 500,000 don't have a glassed-in veranda or deck over. A typical model solution. We have several designs on tap in this respect at Sydney, but don't you naturally want to know about the family and your own inspired by us you passed on the copy of Australian CAVALLADE.

The page is PAT NORMAN, a delightful painter by JOHN LEE. One of Australia's best glassed photographers, and one of our best artists.

Pat is one of the country's most distinguished women art models. Other girls, both known here, 5 ft 8 in., 6 ft 2 in., etc., are in the art square, an artless Photographer, modelling around the way for her to the professional stage, and the best she has on the screen.

She played recently in the Sydney Minerva Theatre's production of J. B. Priestley's "Dollhouse Clock" where she was adored by many of our friends of the Sydney Picnic Club, now nearly gone home.

It's interesting how modelling seems to lead on to further success—over and photographs often a happy road to fame. Consider the case of DAVID CARPENTER. Australia's most exciting young designer since David Jones. His story will be told in our magazine next week—the unknown girl whose photograph appeared on the cover of a little Army magazine, which fortuitously came into the hands of Senator Sir George HARRY SMITH, who immediately saw her in the ideal girl in "Wings Australian young-organisation in The Overlanders," which he had come out from England to film.

* We were gratified when a man to whom we were introduced the other day said, "I'd like to meet you, I find your magazine the most interesting of all the public magazines." That helped. We made a mental note to let him down, but in some places our standards. Considering, though, the articles are informative we felt that they are exceedingly suitable. They are framed more for entertainment than education, and if you do pick up a book or even the short article of the magazine take that what we claim to be—your pleasure, entertainment companion for a few hours.

* PREVIEW. With all that in mind, we have lined up an issue for our new month's cover which should ring the bell. There are some surprises that should provide your interest. First, we have decided to include a long fiction story as well as our photo essay. The big set will be "The Return of Ruth" by that interesting author, ALICE ANN ARTHUR, who writes a magazine column called "Australia writing." We will have a contrast in a greatly reduced page by EDMUND HEDGES, "Adventures in Photography." Also, we have got hold of some DALEWARE MUSICAL pieces—short, charming, character-purporting sort of American tunes— and secondly, you can't much improve upon "You Can't Take an American." Hold on, we are just now you don't! First out what Europe has in our And the following month—December, we will have ANTHONY MAURICE writing on Africa in his



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For just imagine how a little
To find you've left me half the
wheel—

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